





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



Pub^d March 22^d 1822 by J. H. H. H.



St. Paul's St. Paul's

J. B. Stankoff

TABLE OF TUNBON LAD

...

...

...

...



THE
Dens of London
EXPOSED.

CHAPTER I.
COMMON LODGING HOUSES, CADGERS,
 &c., &c

THESE two subjects are, perhaps now the only ones remaining, in what is termed the "walks of life," of which a correct description has not yet been given. All the old topics, such as the beauties of the country, and the ancient stories of love and heroism, which have afforded so much employment to the pencil, the muse, and the worker-up of novels, have long been considered as the beaten track; and the relaters of fiction, at least those who lay claim to any thing like originality, have been fain to leave the romantic path, with its old castles and wondrous deeds, and so forth, and seek for heroes behind a counter, amidst the common-place details of busi-

ness, and for scenes amongst the intricate windings of lanes and alleys. In short, novelty is the grand charm for this novel-writing age.

Independent of the hosts of "Military and Naval Sketches of Mr. Such-a-one," "the Author of So-and So's Reminiscences," &c., with the usual abundance of matter, that daily crowd from the press, we may notice amongst the really useful works that have lately appeared, the "Old Bailey Experience," "Essays on the Condition of the People," "the Dishonest Practices of Household Servants," and "the Machinery of Crime in England, or the Connection between the Thieves and Flash Houses;" but, valuable as these articles are, and they are certainly of some importance to society, has there any one, we might ask, ever entered into the Common Lodging House,—the Vagabond's Home,—a place that abounds in character and crime? The only information which we have had in these dens of poverty and vice, has been merely through the Police Report, when some unfortunate delinquent had been taken out of one of those skulking-holes. On such occasions we are told, amongst the usual remarks, that the accommodation in those houses were exceedingly cheap, and that the lodgers herded together indiscriminately, &c. but how such houses were really con-

one of the manners and characters of most of the people who frequented them, the public may be said to be almost in perfect ignorance. In like manner with that formerly called "Cudger," our knowledge has been equally limited. No correct account has ever yet been given of this vile, cunning class of the community. All that we have been told concerning them, is, to use the common phrase, but more than true. We remember reading, some few years ago, of one of these beggaring rascals boasting of being able to make five shillings a day. He considered that sixty streets were only going through, from sunrise to sunset, and that it was strange indeed if he could not collect a penny in every street. Now, this very same anecdote we read, not many days since, in a new work, entitled, "A History of the Working Classes," as something, of course, just brought to light.

The story, too, in that lying piece of notoriety, "Pierce Egan's Life in London," about the beggars' opera, where the lame and the blind, and other disordered individuals, were said to meet nightly, in a place called the "back slums," to throw off their infirmities, and laugh at the credulity of the public, was, not a great many weeks ago, trumped up into a paragraph in one of our weekly journals as a fact just dis-

covered, and the curious were referred to a certain house in St. Giles's, in corroboration thereof. Indeed, we think it would be easy to prove that what little is known of the Common Lodging House, and those people the Cadgers, is neither more nor less than mere reports, and which like the generality of reports, contain not always the truth.

It certainly appears strange that those two subjects, which offer such an abundance of original matter to writers and other observers of mankind, should have remained so long without any other notice than merely that they were known to exist. Seemingly strange, however, as this singularity is, sufficient reasons, perhaps, may be given for it. There can be little doubt, at least there is none in our mind, that since the commencement of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, periodicals have principally assisted in developing, if we may so term it, the powers of observation. Intelligent readers of this kind of literature would naturally turn away from the insipid stuff of the rhymers, and the equally sentimental trash of the getter-up of fiction, of which our old magazines were mostly composed, to the more rational parts of the publication, such as original essays, critiques, stories which had really some truth for their foundation, or any thing which bore the stamp of newness. This secret of attraction would,

of course, soon be found out, by those most interested in the sale; but the grand introduction of utility was at that period when the *Waverley* novels made their appearance. Then, instead of the exaggerated imaginings of a diseased brain, with all its superhuman agency, we had History beautifully blended with Fiction, or rather Truth, accurate descriptions of nature, and correct pictures of life, both high and low. We all remember what powerful sensations those literary wonders at first created, and what a crowd of imitators followed in their train. The Magazines soon caught up the tone, and became doubly interesting, with the lives of private soldiers, "Two or Three Years in the Peninsula," and the "Subaltern." The camp and the man-of-war now poured forth their vast stories of anecdote and adventure, in all shapes and sizes--octavo and article--sketches of character, local customs and antiquities, filled up the other attractions of the day, and to read for improvement, while we read for amusement, was almost considered the fashionable employment of time.

These excellent topics, doubtless, had their season, and when done, our wholesale dealers in wisdom, the Publishers, well knew that their present pecuniary policy would not be content with what had gone before. Something was to be

that old ground-work of fiction. The same may be said of those "Essays on the Condition of the People,"—"Household Servants,"—the "Old Bailey Experience," and those equally instructive articles on the "Machinery of Crime in England, or the Connection between the Thieves and the Flash Houses," which all owe their origin to the same cause. It therefore can scarcely excite surprise that the Common Lodging House and Cadger should have remained so long without notice, when, if we take but a little time to reflect, we shall easily perceive that this work of observation is but just now going on, and that the very period in which we now live, is what with justice may be called but—the Age of Inquiry.

The Common Lodging House, as the reader no doubt understands, is a house of accommodation for all classes—no matter what may be their appearance or character—only provided that they can procure, when required, the necessary quantity of coins. In every considerable village in the kingdom there is a lodging-place called the "Beggars' House;" and in every town, more or less, according to its size or population. In London there are hundreds and thousands of houses of this description, from the poor to the rich, a room or cellar, with its two or three shake-down beds

upon the floor, to the more substantial landlord with his ten or twenty houses, and two or three hundred beds. Among these the houseless wanderer may find shelter, from a penny to three halfpence, twopence, threepence, fourpence, and sixpence a night, on beds of iron, wood, and straw, or on that more lofty couch a hammock; and some (that is, the penny-a-night lodger) have often no softer resting place than the hard floor. This common lodging-house business is a thriving trade; only small capital is required, for an old house will do, no matter how the rain beats in, or the wind whistles through, in a back street or filthy lane, for the more wretched the neighbourhood, the better; old bedsteads and beds, clothes of the coarsest description, with a few forms, and a table or so, for the kitchen, are all that is necessary for the concern. The front room, or what is usually termed the parlour, is generally fitted up into a shop, or, when this is not the case, there is always some accommodating neighbour, who has the following articles for sale: viz., bacon, butter, cheese, bread, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, potatoes, red and salt herrings, smuggled liquors, and table-beer. Some add the savoury profession of the cook to that of the huckster, and dish up a little roast and boiled beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, &c. The whole of these, the reader may be

assured, are of a very moderate quality : they are retailed to the lodgers at very profitable prices, and in the smallest quantities, such as a halfpenny worth of butter, bacon, cheese, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c. ; and, for the trifling sum of one penny, the poor epicure may gratify his palate with a taste of beef, mutton, and so on. Very little credit is given in those creditable places, and that only to those who are well-known ; they who have not that advantage, often are compelled to take the handkerchief off their necks, the coat, and even the very skirts off their backs, to give to the cautious housekeeper, before they can procure a night's lodging, or a morsel of food ; indeed, in the country, it is a common thing, when a traveller (which is the respectable appellation by which the alms-seeking gentry designate themselves) seeks for a night's lodging, for the landlord to refuse admittance, unless the applicant carries a bundle, which is looked upon as a kind of security, should he not have the desirable in his pocket.

It may naturally be supposed that, where there are such little outlays and such large returns, that good round sums must be produced ; indeed, there are few who commence this kind of life, but soon secure to themselves an independency. There are many whom we could mention, who have

accumulated such large fortunes by the encouragement of vagrancy, as now to be the proprietors of vast property in houses, and who still carry on large establishments by means of deputies, and in their deputies' names, while they themselves live in fashionable style on the borders of the town. The servants that are kept in those houses are in general men, they being considered better adapted to keep peace and quietness than women. It is customary with lodgers, who have anything of value, to deposit it with the landlord, and, in most cases, it is returned with safety. There are some whose character stands so high for honesty, that twenty pounds and upwards may be entrusted with them ; but there are those again with whom it would not be prudent to leave a rag, and who often colleague with ruffians to get up a row during the night, to rob the lodgers, they of course coming in for a share of the booty. It is true, too, that in a great many of those houses men and women scorn all restraint, and hate any thing in the shape of a barrier. As regards cleanliness very little can be said for any ; they all abound, more or less, with those small creeping things, which are said to be so prolific on the other side of the Tweed, and in the *dear country*. To delineate, however, the characters of the different houses, comes not at present within our limits ;

that of itself would fill volumes with the most extraordinary interest; and what then would be the descriptions of the crowds who frequent such houses—the thousands and tens of thousands who exist in this country by what is called their wits—whose trade is imposture, and whose whole life one continued exercise of the intellects? The flash letter-writer and the crawling suppliant; the pretended tradesmen, who live luxuriously on the tales of others, and the real claimant of charity, whose honest shame will hardly allow him to beg for sufficient to procure the hard comforts of a bed of straw: the match seller and ballad-singer, whose convenient profession unite the four lucrative callings of begging, selling, singing, and stealing; gangs of shipwrecked sailors, or rather, fellows whose iron constitutions enable them for the sake of sympathy, to endure the most inclement weather, in almost a state of nudity, and among them only one perhaps ever heard the roar of the ocean; jugglers, coiners, tramps (mechanics seeking work), strolling players, with all the hangers-on of fairs, races, assizes, stable-yards; besides the hosts of Irish who yearly migrate from sweet Erin to happy England, to beg, labour, and steal. Here then, is a wide field for speculation, a vast common in life, where a character may be almost picked up at every step—mines of

vice and misery as yet unexplored. A road that has never yet been trodden by the man of the pen, and very rarely by him of the pencil. If a few straggling mendicants, or some solitary wretch, have occasionally been sketched, the great centre of the sons of Cain—the outcast's home—has never yet been entered ; that place has remained sacred to the tell-tale eye of each observer. But enough of this : we will now enter among these new scenes, and in order to give a correct view of the ways and doings of this strange life, will at once introduce the reader to the head-quarters of the cadgers—St. Giles's.



CHAPTER II.

ST. GILES'S—THE CADGER'S HEAD-
QUARTERS.

THE house, or rather establishment (for it contains no less than eight houses, having a moderate-sized court within its boundary, in which stands a large gas lamp) to which we intend to conduct the reader, is situate at No. 13, — Street, St. Giles's. The proprietor being what is called a gentleman—a man of property—and, like all men of property, of course, wishes not to have his name mentioned but in a respectable way—we therefore, with all respect for the power of wealth, will accommodate him with a dash.

This cavern was opened some forty years ago, by a man of the name of —, a native of that cautious country, "*Canny, tak care o' yoursel.*" The Scotchman, with the characteristic foresight of his countrymen, soon saw that to set up prudence in the midst of wanton waste, was a sure and ready way to

accumulate the *barbees*. Accordingly, he took a shop and house at the aforesaid number, and commenced giving shelter to the wild and the profligate. Trade thrived, and, ere long, Sawney had reason to bless the day he crossed the border. He not only grew a rich but a *braw* man—put his sons to



respectable professions, and expended as much in setting them up in the world, as might have made them no common lairds in the land of thistles, and finally gave up the ghost,

breathing his last breath amidst the air of plenty, leaving his money-making craft to his eldest son, who still carries on this establishment, as well as two others, one in the Broadway, St. Giles's, and the other in Long Acre, through the means of a deputy, and in the deputy's name, while he himself takes his ease in elegant style, a little way out of town, and is reputed to be the possessor of a great number of houses besides.

This grand cadging rendezvous, then, is under the superintendence of a deputy, and is kept up in his name; he is assisted by his wife and under deputy (men-servants), and a few female domestics. This man—that is, the leader of the band—hails we believe from Cambridgeshire. He is of a slight make, with a shrewd cast of the eye. Formerly he figured in a gentleman's family, and has still much of the air and dress of a lackey: he is nevertheless well adapted for his situation; is affable and free, gambles, and is the companion of the lodgers in the house, but knows them not in the street. When any of the inmates chance to meet him in one of their alms-seeking rambles, and present their hat to see if he will set an example to unwilling people, he never drops in more than one poor penny; his wife, however,

is considered a trump (a generous woman), and never has the collection-box held to her, but invariably lets fall a *tanner*, to shew that she is a *Gemman's* wife. These people have the reputation of being honest: anything intrusted to them, of whatever value, is certain of being returned. Robbery and petty thefts are here very rare, and fights are never allowed in the house, if the landlord is at home. There are two kitchens, one for the males and the other for the females: the men are not permitted to visit the women, and, until after eleven at night, the time the women's kitchen is cleared, very few of the latter are allowed to disturb their masculine neighbours; those who have that privilege, are the select few, who are pleased to term themselves *wives*. There are sleeping apartments, too, for the different sexes, and rooms for those who pass as married people; and when any of the fair part of the inmates happen, in their perambulations, to meet with a friend of the opposite gender, and find, as they sometimes do, that it will be necessary to have a little private communion before they part, the landlord has so far sympathized with such persons, as to provide a room or two for their particular use. In short, this place, besides being a common lodging house, adds to it that now very necessary convenience - a brothel.

There are considerably more than one hundred beds in this house, made of wood and iron, distributed three and six in a room; the single ones are fourpence, and the double ones sixpence; and when we add the profits of this to that of the other two establishments, it must be allowed that the whole must amount to a gentlemanlike sum.

It is now our duty to enter this house, and though accustomed to these retreats of vice as a literary, we actually did pay a visit to this very house, one Saturday evening, and the following Monday morning, taking, from first to last, careful notes of the most extraordinary characters and their ways, in order that our first sketch might be a correct picture of the manner in which these classes of society spend the last, the best, and the first part of the week.

Well, then, on Saturday afternoon, upon a certain day, we directed our steps to that well known spot of this mighty part of the world—the Rookery, the appropriate title given to that modern Sodom, St. Giles's, the centre of the region of sin, we, of course, had the usual difficulties of foot-paths to encounter, in picking our way along our way along the small but rich deep, narrow, and foully channelled gutters, and the collection of the most filthy and disgusting characters, who, in the evening, early, and late, were to be seen, and

length, however, we reached No. 13, —— Street, which was pointed out to us by a damsel standing in one of the many groups which are usually collected there, discussing the queries of that city, as being the habitation that we were in search of.



CHAPTER III.

THE CADGING HOUSE.

As this is the first attempt that has been made to describe a Cadging House, we perhaps may be excused in being somewhat particular. The outside of this dwelling was more cleanly and decent than we had been led to expect. The window of the low front room, which was large and rather bowed, still retained the remains of its former shop-like appearance, was modestly screened in the inside by a green curtain; and the step of the door was nicely scoured and sanded.

On entering, we were struck with the establishment-like appearance of the room. Rows of common tin tea-pots were ranged along the dresser. As for the shelves, they literally lined the walls, well filled with plates, dishes, and tea-ware. The landlady came forward to meet us, a tall genteel woman, with the manners of one apparently used to

better society. After putting down our groat, and giving into her hand a certain garment wrapped in a handkerchief, in case of accidents, we were told that the men's kitchen was in the next house, the first door on the right hand side,



in the entry. By this, we found that the threshold on which we then stood, was no less than the high quarters set apart for the barrack-master himself. Accordingly, we sallied out

for No. 12: but, before going in, we took the liberty to make a survey of this "Vagabond's Home!" and, in troth, it did well deserve that name.

The low front room or parlour, whose fate it was now to be the Cadger's Kitchen, had certainly the same shop-like appearance as that of No. 13—but there the likeness ended. The door, which led into the street, instead of having the clean, welcome, and open look of its neighbour, was fast nailed up, and bore evident marks that many a sick man had leaned against it. The door-light—the window above the door—had been taken out, or what is more likely, knocked out, and its place supplied with a wooden shutter, which was raised up during the day, to let in the light, and air: and as for the window itself, with the exception of a few panes of glass in the centre, here and there patched with brown paper, it was almost wholly made up with squares of wood—giving ocular proof that glass was of a very brittle nature in St. Giles's.

After satisfying ourselves thus far, we proceeded to explore the interior. A narrow passage ran between the houses, and led into a tolerably large court, which, with those two, contained the number of houses already stated. At the foot of this entry stood two or three Moll Flanders looking husseys,

who, it may be supposed, did not neglect a passing salute. Farther up the yard, were some half-dozen fellows, in parti-coloured dresses, (and not over particular about shoes and stockings) smoking their cutties, and gambling at pitch-penny.

We next proceeded to the kitchen—and a den-like retreat it was—dark and gloomy from the partial light let in by the few remnants of glass, it seemed well calculated to harbour felon thoughts. The room itself was moderate enough in size—a good fire, and an excellent grate, containing a copper of boiling water, always kept full by a pipe conveyed to it from a cask raised on one side of the fire-place, was all that we could see that approached to anything like luxury or comfort. Beneath this cask lay a heap of coke and coal, and a coal-heaver's shovel leaned against the wall, at the service of any one who loved a cheerful hearth. The floor and walls did not differ much in colour, the former being of a dusky hue, that knew of no other purifier save the birchen broom ; and the latter, a dirty red—a daub long since and clumsily made. A cuckoo-clock ticked on one side of an old cupboard, and before the window was spread a large deal table, at which sat the landlord playing at cards with a couple of ruffian-like fellows. A small table (whose old-fashioned,

crooked, mahogany legs, showed that it had once been in a more honoured place; but the rough deal covering with which it had been repaired, denoted that it was now only fit for *cadger's plate*)—stood at the other end of the room, behind the door. A man, in a decent but faded suit of clothes, sat on one side—his arms were stretched over the table, and his head half-buried within them—he was, apparently, asleep. The white apron, that was wrapped round his waist, clearly proclaimed to what class he belonged—the “Begging Tradesmen.” A few things, tied to a blue handkerchief, rested on one side of his head; and a parcel of ballads, his whole stock-in-trade, lay on the other. Before the fire, warming his back, stood a short, thick-set man, humming the air of a vulgar ditty; his hands were thrust into the pockets of a velvet shooting jacket, ornamented with large ivory buttons, such as are commonly worn by cabmen and other tip-room blackguards. His countenance was by no means too dark and sinister-looking to be honest, and, as he occasionally favoured us with a few professional glances from beneath a white cap, which he wore on his brow, it instinctively, as it were, reminded us of our country lord—the prisoner at the bar.”

On a form against the wall, in the corner of the room, with

a beard like a hermit, all fluttering in rags—the very emblem of wretchedness. He was relieving his uneasiness by giving his back every now and then, a comfortable rub against the wall. A little on one side of this forlorn being, at the head of the table where the landlord sat, was a character that



could hardly escape the notice of the most obtuse observer, a stout active young man, in the very perfect costume of a cadger. The upper part of his person was decorated with a piece of a garment that had once been a coat, and of which

there yet remained a sleeve and a half; the rest was suspended over his shoulders in shreds. A few tatters were arranged around his nether parts, but they could scarcely be said to cover his nakedness; and as for shoes, stockings, and shirt, they doubtless had been neglected, as being of no professional use. A kind of a hat (which, from a piece of the flap still remaining, showed that it had once possessed a brim) ornamented as villanous a looking head as ever sat upon a pair of shoulders—carrotty hair, that had as much pliancy as a stubble field—a low receding forehead—light grey eyes, rolling about, with as much roguery in them as if each contained a thief—a broad, snubby nose—a projecting chin, with a beard of at least a month's growth—the whole forming no bad resemblance to a rough, red, wiry-haired, viscious terrier dog, whose face had been half-bitten off by hard fighting. He was the very type of a hedge ruffian, and a most proper person to meet any one “by moonlight alone.”

——— “He looked as if his blood
 “Had crept thro’ scoundrels ever since the ———”

The very sight of this model of London vagrancy, with all her train, before our eyes—the rascals, tinker's wives, bull dogs, donkeys, creels, knags, and all

the trampery of a gipsy's camp. This elegant individual, we found afterwards, answered to the very proper appellation of "Cadger Jack." He was leaning over the table, resting his arms on a bundle of matches, and grumbling heavily about the times, "Cadging," he said, "was gone to the devil! He had been out ever since the morning, and had not yet broke his fast; but if he lived till Monday, he would go to the lord mayor." Here he used some emphatic language, and swore he would not stir until he got relief.

"You will get three months to the tread-mill," observed a woman, sitting opposite (the only one in the room, and a happy compound between the slut and the sot).

He d—d the tread-mill, declared he had played at up and down before now—and would go—they were compelled to give him something—the law did not suffer any man to starve, and so on.

He was rattling on in his way, without any one paying the least attention to what he said, when a lad about fourteen, decently dressed, came in, carrying a box. He placed himself beside the window, and began to display the contents of his trunk, offering for sale several respectable articles of clothing for mere trifles.

"Go home, boy," said the man who had just come in, with

his arms loaded with good things). "What brought you her? do you want to be ruined? you have run away, you young rascal, and stole them things."

The younker, who was the very image of a spoiled child and natural vagabond, replied with all the pettiness and insolence of one that had been over-indulged, "that the things were his—he had paid for his lodgings, and nobody had anything to do with him."

"When will he come here?" enquired the man, (the landlord by this time had gone out).

"On Thursday," he was answered.

"It is a shame," he said, "to take in so young a boy; he should have a stick laid across his back, and sent home again."

In defence of the landlord, it was argued, that if he did not take him in, others would; and that his things were safe here, which might not be the case elsewhere. This was admitted by our moralizer to be very true.

"Howsomever," observed he, "all I know is this—that if the young dog is not already a thief, I know that he has come to the right place to become one."

"Aye, that he has," drawled out a fat, round faced, middle-aged fellow, riding his big old horse, and leaning back in his seat, "but

had been stretched his full length, laying upon his face, the sluggard's favourite position. Hogarth, or Joe Lisle, or any other character hunter, might have taken this youth for the very Son of Idleness. There might alternately be traced in his heavy features sluggard, loon, fool, and rascal. "Aye, that's very true," he observed, "it was coming to St. Giles's that was the ruin of me; and them there lasses," pointing to a ruddy-faced girl, who had just popped her brazen front in at the door, and who, in return for his salutation, politely placed her finger on one side of her nose, then raising the hinder part of her body touched it, in a style that would scarcely be tolerated at St. James's.

"Ah, you imp of Satan!" he bellowed out, as the young vixen scampered away between a dance and a run, and again commenced his story:

"It was coming to St. Giles's, I was saying, was the ruin of me. I robbed my father, but I got clear of that; then I robbed my mother, I got turned away for that; my sisters took me in, I robbed them, and was first to cut; at last, my aunt pitied and took care of me, I robbed her too. But I got three month for that, and—"

"Hold your tongue, you ass," exclaimed half-a-dozen

voices, "the booby's mad, and should be sent to St. Luke's.

At this rebuff the hopeful youth grinned a grin something like the triumph of a fool glorying in his shame ; then thrusting his hand into his bosom, was for a few moments lost in heavenly bliss, enjoying that most ecstatic of enjoyments, which King Jamie, of clawing memory, says, ought always to be reserved for kings—scratching ; then rolled himself down again, to have a little more folding of the arms, and a little more slumber.



CHAPTER IV.

A BEGGAR'S REPAST.

Our friend, who had such singular ideas in a cadging house of what ought to be, was himself but one of those who existed by his wits. Two pieces of leather hung round his feet and ankles, which for resemblance came nearer to sandals than boots. The rest of his garb, of course, corresponded.

We observed before, that, when he came in, he had his arms full of good things—among which were a sixpenny cottage-loaf, half a pound of butter, two ounces of coffee, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and half-a-dozen eggs. He now busied himself in putting these things in order, and quietly suffered the promising boy to take his wife down to the road to ruin. The loaf he cut into substantial slices, and covered them well and thickly with the rich cream of the cow; he put a spoonful of the coffee into the pan and boiled and simmered it with such attention as clearly

showed that, at least in the culinary department, he was a man of taste ; and although he did not mix with his beverage any of that much-talked-of continental stuff—succory, yet such was the sweet-smelling odour, as the steam wafted by us, that we could not help thinking that such highly-



flavoured drink could not fail to find favour, even in the nostrils of the very Ottoman himself. This being done, he placed it upon the table, and called loudly for his mate.

And here it may be necessary to observe, that your professed vagabonds who live unmarried, always associate in pairs—like the soldier with his comrade, and the sailor with his messmate ; it is probably owing to so many of the latter being members of this fraternity, that this seafaring phrase has become to be adopted. Be that as it may, however, the cadger and his mate sleep together, mess together, and share each other's good and bad luck ; the most prudent of the two being always the purser.

The individual who answered to the call was a short, punchy, filthy animal, of middle age, half covered with rags. His breast was as bare and as highly coloured as the chest of a Red Indian ; owing, perhaps, to sleeping in the open air, or laying among the cinder heaps of glass-houses. Jamie, for that was his name, was, however, a professed gentleman of the road ; had an eye as sleepy and as cunning as a cat ; and, to use his low jargon, was “ up to summat,” and knew “ what was what.”

His mate passed a few jokes upon him, at his skill in gulling swells, and taking in flats ; for he was considered an adept. Jamie chuckled at the compliments, and smiled at what was before them. They then fell to the viands, and

ate with the hearty gusto of robust health. The eggs were certainly boiled too hard; but that defect they took good care to remedy, by softening them well with nice fresh



butter, neither crying "Halt!" until there remained not the shadow of crust.

After this slight refection, like the rest of the *gymmen* who

live by their means, they wiped their chins with their napkins—the cuffs of their coats—arose, and went out to that sink of ruin, the gin shop, to rinse their teeth with a little rum, that being the favourite stimulus of the begging tribe. The two-penny dram of pure Jamaica is preferred by them, and particularly those who live in the country, to any other kind of malt, or spirituous liqueurs.



CHAPTER V.

AN EVENING MEAL—A FEAST FOR AN
ALDERMAN

ALL the wandering race, such as pedlars, tramps, and hawkers of small ware, whose pursuits are in the open air, and which lead them, during the day, to an uncertain distance from their residence, never have more meals than their breakfast and their tea. But as the most of these people are no enemies to good living, they usually contrive to have their morning affair as much in the Scotch fashion as possible, and their evening refection to unite the substantiability of the English dinner, with the refreshing qualities of the tea table. Between six and seven is the hour which they in general retire from the labours of the day; and as this was the time the lodgers were now crowding in, every one carrying the catables he intended to use, which usually consist of half a pound of bacon, quarter of a pound of butter,

a pennyworth of tea or coffee, with as much sugar. These are placed upon a half-quartern loaf, and carried in one hand; and, if eggs are in season, three or four may be seen clutched in the other.

In London, and other large towns, these people, when their finances will permit, indulge in all the luxury of the cook-shop and the flesher's stall; but in country places, there is not such a variety, the bacon—a red herring, and the *et ceteras*, are mostly their choice.

Among the people who now made their appearance, were certainly some two or three labourers, but the rest were all of that stamp who scorn to live by the sweat of their brow. The frying pan was put into active motion. A couple, a man and his wife,—who by their appearance, no one would suppose that they ever partook of anything save crusts and scraps, filled the pan with nice mutton chops, by way of a relish to their bohea. Eggs and bacon, ham and eggs, ham, beef-steaks, (aye, of the prime rump, too,) mutton chops, sausages, saveloys, &c., &c., were all now with rapidity, and in their turn, soon smoking, fuming, and frying upon the fire, raising a smell almost powerful enough to satisfy the moderate cravings of a Frenchman's appetite.

The whole of the food that we could perceive that had

been gathered from door to door, was one solitary plate of broken bread, which was before a broad-shouldered and able-bodied match seller; and even he, before he would allow such refuse to take its descent down his gullet, took especial care to plaster well every piece with good fresh butter—washing the whole down with an excellent cup of coffee.

It might have afforded a fine treat to the searcher after life and manners, to have observed the rough and ragged scene that was now before us. The kitchen at times was crowded to excess; and, amid the clattering of plates, fuss of cooking, and confusion of tongues, men, women, and children, feasting, drinking, singing, and card-playing, while some two or three might be seen wiling away the painful effects of an empty pocket by a soothing whiff from the favourite cutty, occasionally a half naked brute, in the shape of a man or a woman, would stagger in, their heads nodding on their shoulders, like the equally sensible and oblivious looking pate of a Chinese figure in a grocer's window; and if there was space enough, would reel a step or two, and then measure their length upon the floor, muttering sundry threatening sounds. These, of course, were soon picked up, and in their attempts to play at *a la Roullet*, had their arms carefully pinioned, their bodies placed upon a seat, and laid

against the wall; or, if there was room enough, were accommodated with a stretch upon the form, to snooze themselves fresh again—dreaming of the sweets of gin, and the joys of a begging life.

But perhaps a sketch or so of those strange beings, with a little of their interesting slang, will be the better way to describe such a group. By the bye, this is the place for character—the cadging house is the very spot for the pourtrayer of life, who wishes to lay claim to any thing like originality;—here Nature has her full scope, and affectation rarely shows her face.

As we were sitting, noting the various particulars that were continually passing before our eyes, and as the Poet says, catching “the manners living as they rise,” a thumping step was heard coming along the passage. The door opened, and a wooden-legged weather-beaten seaman, past the meridian, with a pot of beer in one hand and a bag in the other, showed his phiz. He was dressed in the usual sailor’s garb, jacket and trousers, with a black handkerchief slung round his neck, and a low-crowned glazed hat on his head. The immense breadth of his shoulders, solidity of chest, with a neck like the “lord of the pasture,” gave him the weighty bearing and bold front of an eighty-four, while his open,

blunt, and manly countenance at once proclaimed him to be the true man-of-war's man, and tar of old England. Jack's story is soon told :—besides being a King George's man, he had been a bold smuggler, and had his starboard leg carried away in an affray with the Custom sharks.

We were struck with something like admiration at beholding such a model of the favourite class of this country, and very naturally followed his motions, taking an interest in every little peculiarity, they being exactly what have been represented by Smollett, and other navel sketchers, as the characteristics of a tar of the old school.

Jack thumped away to a seat, clapped his hat of fustian on the table, and threw down his hut alongside. He then gravely took out of his mouth a tolerable sized pipe of tobacco, and, having safely deposited the tobacco in his jacket pocket, soon the next moment, a glass of blacken juice below the bars. These preliminaries being over, he proceeded to rummage forth the contents of his bag; and among the odds and ends, hauled out a substantial piece of the wing of an ox, and showed that his cruise had not been a bad one. With this goodly blunter of the keen edge of hungry appetite securely clutched in his fist, it may be supposed that the jack-knife did not lag behind; indeed he had evidently

enjoyed many a north-easter, for his appetite appeared to be of that sort which brooks no delay ; never once allowing him to answer the many questions that were addressed to him, as "What cheer to-day, Jack?" &c., or so much as to give his grinders one moment's rest, save, and only then when he took a hearty pull at Messrs. Perkins and Co.

This highly-refreshing task being over, he handed a portion of his grub, and a draught of porter, to a decently-dressed young man, who had apparently nothing to chew, save his own thoughts. Then drawing from his pocket his old crony—the pipe, and stretching forth his timber toe, to feel as it were at home, commenced addressing the young fellows follows. And here let us remind the reader, that it will be impossible for us to describe a dialogue among this class, which is of the lowest of the low, in the language of polished society ; we will therefore, in lieu of the emphatic words with which they generally garnish their conversation, use the delicate but meaning dashes ———.

"Harry," says the tar, "have you not been at work to-day, that you look so devilish blue?" (working, by the bye, is the honest word used by those honest people for begging, they having as correct an idea of what is meant by respectable terms as do the more respectable fellow men).

"Work! Aye," replied Harry, "I went out this morning with Williams. We worked all the way to Piccadilly, then down the Haymarket, along Pall Mall, and were, just beginning with some ladies in the Park, when we were stopped by a policeman, and very nigh got tapped, and ——— if I could raise heart to cadge any more."

"Aye," cried Jack, "you were always a hard-hearted dog; but, howsomever, I had a brush to-day, myself, with one of those hind sharks. As I was crossing St. Martin's-lane, I saw a carriage full of ladies standing at a stop. I up I stumped, and was just about to doff my castor (hat), when a slap on the shoulder, with 'what do you want doing?' made me turn round; and there I met the ugly face of a devil in blue. 'What's that to you?' says I. 'Oh, I thought you were going to beg,' says he. 'Did you?' says I. 'No, I would have taken care not to have been such a —— fool, as to let you see me.' 'Well, well, go on, go on,' says he. I stepped on one side, and watched till my master's carriage came, and then I about again, and, blow me, if I didn't see a fine old lady—ladies—and a prime un she was!—did not see her name (surname)."

A remarkably fine-looking man, with a high forehead, which bore a long white apron, who was walking

with a plate of sausages to his evening souchong, here observed that there were yet some good fellows among the police. "For instance," he said, "it was only the other day, as I was working at the Middle Row, Holborn, which is my regular beat, I edged a couple of swells. They bid me begone, or else they would call for the police. I laughed at them, and still tried it on, when one of them called to a blue devil, 'Take this fellow into custody,' says he, 'and I will appear against him to-morrow morning.' 'What's he been doing?' demanded the policeman. 'Begging,' answered the other. 'Oh, is that all?—well, if you will go on, sir, he will not trouble you.' 'Take him up directly, you scoundrel,' shouted the gentleman, 'or else, by —— I'll report you. The policeman laughed, and walked away, leaving the swells swearing like good-uns."

The youth, whom we have before noticed as being partial to a drowsy life, now put in his word, and gave his affirmation as to the liking of the police. His beat as he called it, was between the foot of Ludgate Hill and Blackfriars Bridge, "and whether the man who formerly looked about for the people there, nor his predecessor, ever once interrupted him in his benevolent endeavours to collect pence, although he daily edged in the very face of the guardian of the public."

It was now admitted by the whole of the company that only keep off any glaring annoyance, and the police would never say you did wrong."

"Well, well," observed Jack, "I believe, after all, London is still the place. I was once put into limbo in Norfolk fourteen days, for simply asking a gentleman for a little money, and ——— na, if the constables there won't swear that old Belz Shub is white, sooner than they will let a man clear. And now," said he, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, "I must to work once more, or else there will be short allowance to-morrow morning."

At this there was a general movement among the company; even the sluggish Jimmie raised up his heavy lamp of a body, as if necessity had just given him a call,—yawned and rumbled with his hands behind his head and breast. For, be it known, that the people loving to get as great a respect for their idleness, as Sir Andrew Agnew himself; not that they care anything for such a place as a church, but for that inherent dislike which the whole tribe have to anything in the shape of labour, and which induces them to make an extra push on a Saturday night, in order that they may enjoy the Sunday as a holiday, with the rest of the labouring classes. It must likewise not be forgotten, that the police

are rather indulgent on a Saturday night, but more watchful on the Lord's day.

"Where shall we stand?" demanded a tape and thimble seller to a dealer in matches. "Tottenham Court, or Clare Market."

"Clare Market, to be sure!" answered the other; and we will have a drop of rum at the new gin-shop. I had half a pint there this morning with Morgan, and it was prime."

"Come, Blacksmith," (the name given to the fellow whom we had designated the sloth,) said a half-naked lad, with a strong Irish accent, "Come, boy, come, we must be dodging."

"Aye," replied his heavy crony, "I suppose we must. Have you got any browns (pence) about you, Paddy?"

"Yes," said the Hibernian, "I can *skinn* a *quartern*."

"Then, we'll go."

And accordingly they prepared, the slaggard in a soldier's flannel jacket, and a tattered pair of *breeks*, which was all that he considered requisite for the weather and his own particular profession. Paddy, a lean, pale-faced lad of eighteen, whose features bore the look of emaciation, from the continual use of tobacco—the pipe or quid never being out of his mouth, save at meals, (a short black stump now

ornamented his jaws—with a shirt upon his back that had been as much acquainted with soap as the owner's skin, and a thin pair of canvass trousers, was the finish complete to this vagabond's costume. Away they went, in the true shipwrecked sailor-begging style—their arms folded, bodies bent, and lifting their feet at every step, as if they were afraid to touch the ground for cold, and which contributed to give them that rocking gait so peculiar to the sons of the ocean—their whole frames, too, shivering as if the frosty breath of Old Winter was stealing through their veins—the beggar to whine and cry for melting charity at the foot of Ludgate Hill, and Paddy, in his shirt, to cadge, at ten o'clock at night, in the windiest nook on Blackfriars Bridge.



CHAPTER VI.

A QUIET SCENE.

THE kitchen was now nearly empty. 'A candle in a brass candlestick was placed upon each table by the under deputy, which, with the help of a good fire, made the room feel somewhat comfortable, and even cheerful. Some two or three individuals still continued to shuffle the cards; and as many women placed themselves by the fire, with their legs stretched upon the forms, to smoke and beguile away the time, until "their men," as they termed them, would come back; while perhaps two or three of the "swinish multitude" might be heard snoring away their stimulus in a corner, in sounds both loud and deep.

On a Saturday evening, from the hours of eight and nine, until eleven, every ragging house is in general particularly quiet, for the reasons we have already stated; none ever going out to work on a Sunday (the sweepers of crossings,

(of course, excepted), but those who are compelled from sheer necessity.

The room for some time enjoyed a tolerable degree of stillness. The master and an old female domestic occasionally entered, and made their exit. A lodger or so came home, and busied themselves in getting their refreshments. Two or three females dropped in from the women's kitchen, just by the way of having a little gossip; and, as is usual with the angelic part of the creation, scandal was the topic; how that such a one had been "carrying on," as they phrased it, all the week, getting drunk every day, and that they had never paid the landlord; and how that Mr. So-and-so was grumbling, as well he might; and how that Tom What-d'ye-call-him was going to be parted from Bet What's-her-name; "and, to tell the truth, no one pitied her; she came home *mortal* (insensibly intoxicated) twice or thrice a day, and what man *could* stand that? He had all but murdered her, the other night, but it was to no purpose; for she had taken every rag he had, even the very shirt off his back, and put them up the spout (the pawn-shop) this very morning. But as for Tom himself, he was as sober and as decent a man as ever entered a house, rarely ever seen the worse for drink above twice or thrice a week, &c., &c. With such

lady-like discourse as this, then, did those paterns of excellent nature while away the time, not forgetting too, every now and then, to strengthen their language with a few powerful asseverations.

From this interesting group, we turned to observe a few individuals staggering in, when a tall countryman, with his hat slouched over his ears, and one of those velvet shooting-jackets, which we have before noticed, and which indeed is the flash coat of low life, following close after, caught our attention. The sleeves of his jerkin were slit here and there, and the white shirt (the only one we had seen that night) protruding through the rents, gave it a good deal of the appearance of the slashed doublet of former days. As he advanced into the room, we soon recognised an old acquaintance in Harry ——, of ——, in Yorkshire.

This man who now stood before us, is one of the many instances, that are to be met with in those dens, of the strange vicissitudes of life. His youth was reared in one of the first boarding schools in Yorkshire, and, for many years, he was well known at Doncaster market as a gentleman farmer; nor is it a great while ago, since this very man might be seen dashing along those streets in his one-horse chaise. But, alas! what is he now? A crawler from door

to door with matches, or, when he can raise sufficient pence to purchase a stock of ballads, may be seen standing in the streets, straining himself to amuse the rabble—the inmate of a cadging house, and the companion of the lowest of the low. So much, then, for gambling and a jovial life. Notwithstanding his education, and the good society in which he must have moved, there was yet nothing of the remains of a gentleman about him; a considerable share of the fool and profligate was naturally engrafted in his character. A large black mark, in the shape of a half-moon, appeared to have been strongly indented by hard knuckles, below the left visual organ,—ornaments that are as frequently to be seen upon the inhabitants of St. Giles's, as rings are upon the visitors of St. James's. His ruffianly country dress, clownish manners, broad dialect of canny Yorkshire, with a certain cunning cast of the eye,—contracted no doubt by peering through the hedge, to see if the gamekeeper was *coming*,—all contributed to exhibit him before us, as the very, *bona fide* of a poacher.

“York! York!” was vociferated from different parts of the room, and to all of which the *lifer*, or rather the bitten, answered, with good-humoured smiles. “He had just come in,” he said, “to see if his mate was come hyem yet; but

as he had not, he thought he could guess right weel where he wad be, and wad just step o'er to Brown's (the gin-shop) and see."

Away he went, and, in about ten minutes time, a roaring, roistering party was heard coming to the door. York entered, his arms loaded with eggs and bacon, and a glass or two the merrier. A Deaf-Burke-made fellow, an Irishman, half labourer and half beggar, who went under the name of Harlequin, reeled by his side in a state of high elevation, with two or three hangers-on, that trod close to their heels. Harlequin, filled with drink and overflowing with vanity, overwhelmed every one with noise and kindness.

The plates, &c., were soon put in order, and York showed himself no dispicable cook. He made the tea, fried the eggs and bacon, and as if not to be outdone in loving kindness by his mate, now loudly proclaimed, "that if ony man was in want of *summat* to eat, to come forward; for there was plenty for all.

A man, who had been sleeping behind the table, roused himself up at the invitation, and expressed his willingness for a cup of tea.

"Nay, I'll be—— if thou shall," says York; "thou's been drunk, man, fra night till morning, and fra morning till

night, these three weeks ; and I say that a man that can find money to drink, can find money to eat. "To get drunk," he said, turning to the company, "the matter of twice or thrice a week, is a thing that any man is liable to, and I say that such a man is welcome to a cup of tea, and maybe *summat* to eat ; but to be always drink, drinking, I say again, that a man who can find money to drink, can find money to eat, and so he shall not have a drop ! "

During the latter part of this speech, the speaker's looks were directed towards the company, to see if it met with their approbation. Some two or three there were who drawled out that "it was right ; " but their assent seemed to be drawn from them, more in expectation of the good things that York was about to give away, than from any real coincidence with his opinion—even such cadging house morality as this, appeared to be too rigid for their notions of right and wrong. As for the man himself, whose drowsy and dissipated looks certainly presented the very picture of a sot, quietly swallowed the affront, and laid himself down again to sleep.

The Yorkshireman, however, had apparently set his own conscience to rest, and seemed to care very little about the

tranquillity of the other. He handed a piece of bacon to one, and a cup of tea to another; then thrusting a rasher into his own mouth, much in the style of a terrier griping a rat, chewed, bolted, swallowed, and gorged, until he had completely stuffed the inward man.

There was a fine contrast of national character between the Yorkshireman and his mate. The Irishman was all puff, blarney, and brag, and all the time had been in a humour either to fight or to shake hands. Nothing would serve him but to play at cards with every one of the company, offering the most tremendous odds; but, fortunately for him, there was not another purse-proud man in the room but himself. One poor fellow in particular, on whom he fastened, and who distinctly stated that he had no money, or else he would hazard a game. But this only served to set the Hibernian's froth in motion. He stormed, roused himself upon his legs, towered, and gave vent to a burst of blarney.

"Now, d—— it," says York, "I dinna like that—I dinna like it at all; attack a man that has *summat*, I say, and not one that has nought, and then that will luck *mair* like a man!" And with such hearty John Bull notions as these did *canny* Yorkshire browbeat his crony of the sister kingdom.

Some remarks were now made upon York's black eye, and various remedies proposed—such as the application of a piece of raw flesh, &c., to all of which the *Bite* did seriously incline, for, as he said, “It lucked scandalous-like to see a man with a black eye. But,” says he, “Mike O’Brady maybe thinks he got clear of that; but, ye hear me say, he’s mistaken? I was the other day at Epsom Races, and spent every ha’penny; and as I was coming off the course I met Tom ——, (a fellow, from whose appearance no one would suppose was worth two-pence, but who, in reality, was a partner of one of those gambling-tables which are carried to fairs and races), and asked him for three-pence to get a pint of *pell*. He pulled out ten shillings, and said I mot hae the loan of five pounds ony day; and when Doncaster races comes, I think I can raise other fifteen” (and to show this was no vannt, thrust his hand into his bosom, and pulled out a handfull of the sinews of war—shillings and half-crowns), “that will be twenty, we’ll make a match on it;” and raising his fist and his voice together, ‘we will then see which is the best man.’”

At this a tremendous row was heard at the door. St.

Giles's was just beginning his orisons. Loud shouts, hard blows, and deep oaths were heard, with cries for the policeman, and "Murder, murder," from powerful lungs. In a twinkling the kitchen was emptied, and then came the din of strife—struggling, heavy falls, swearing, the policeman's voice, and the roar of all parties.

As soon as this animated but common affair was over, the company returned; the most of whom seemed to think it scarcely worthy of further notice; but not so with Harlequin. The Irishman was outrageous—like the war-horse, his mettle was put in motion, he whooped and bellowed, and was all kicking for a row; threw off his jacket, displaying the upper part of his body in a state of nudity, and with his clenched hand slapped his breast, which sounded like a board; then sfriking out, right and left, two sun-burnt arms of bone, like Ossian's heroes of old, cleaving the air with their arms for the coming fight swore that he had got one black eye, and by the Holy Mother Church and Daniel O'Connell, would not lay head upon pillow this very night until he got another.

At last, after much coaxing, pulling, and hauling, he was dragged to a seat, and John Barleycorn finally over-

came him, and delivered him for a time safely into the arms of Morpheus.

York sank down upon a seat, stretched his arms over the table, buried his head between them, and in an extremely short space of time, *Old Tom* gave notice that he too was fast acting as an opiate upon *canny* Yorkshire.



CHAPTER VI.

A LITTLE LITERARY CONVERSATION.

QUIETNESS was again restored. A group had gathered around the fire, to amuse themselves with a little chat. Among which was an attorney's clerk out of place, in the last stage of sottishness and vagrancy ; a drunken mechanic ; and a kind of decent itinerant, very pedagogue-like, an inveterate reader of the *Twopenny Police Dispatch* (the only paper the landlord took in), and a stout advocate of the Holy mother church and Daniel O'Connell, the father of the people, as he styled him. A few ungentlemanly words were exchanged between this small politician and a staunch supporter of the English Church ; several topics were descanted upon, among which was the character of Wellington and his campaigns. A short but lively description was given of the Battle of Vittoria, by an old soldier in a labourer's dress.

Wellington, it was said, was not the man he was, or else the papers did not speak the truth; and, certainly, a few glaring facts were produced that they could, at least at times, make a mistake. This brought on a discussion about the management of newspapers.

One talkative fellow maintained that one newspaper was but merely a copy of another; but this assertion was clearly set aside, and the duties of an Editor and Reporter nicely discriminated, by a very equivocal sort of a *gemman*, in a great coat, whom we strongly suspected was somewhat related to the Swell Mob.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAMING TABLE.

THE cards had been in constant motion,—either two or three, or more, engaged with them during the whole of the evening. The card party was now augmented to about sixteen or eighteen, all players and betters, not one of whom could boast of such a thing as a shirt, save the landlord, who at this moment presided as director in chief of the ceremonies, every deference being paid to the lord of the house, as “Master this,” and “Master that,” and “Master the other.”

Twopence to fourpence was the sum which each put down at every stake, and it was astonishing to observe how rapidly the coins were transported from one pocket to another.

“D— — it,” says a match-seller, “there goes eighteen-

pence. I brought in two shillings, I'll now not have enough left for my Sunday's dinner."

All this was said with the most perfect good humour, and at the same time putting down the other stake.

Occasionally one of those fiend-like looks, which are said to be so conspicuous at the splendid hells, might be seen stealing even across this low swindling table. But, upon the whole, the party was very sociable, winning and losing their money with the utmost equanimity of temper.

We observed more than one put down their last penny, and then light their pipes and walk out, puffing and humming away, in search of more.



CHAPTER IX.

AN UNDER-DEPUTY.

A STRANGE phenomenon about this time grinned in at the door, his face all wrinkled with age and smiles, and an extremely short pipe in his mouth, which was no other than Ben, the under-deputy, a snub-nosed, hard-featured, squat old boy, with a horn lantern in his hand, to see if any body wanted to turn in (go to bed).

As this individual is a fine specimen of the class to which he belongs, a slight sketch, perhaps, may not be unnecessary.

The deputies, we have before stated, are the men-servants of those establishments, they being better adapted as the waiters of these noisy houses than women. Ben our present subject, had all his life been a roadsman, and lived, as the professional phrase goes the best way he could ; and now,

in his old days, when his legs had become rather heavy for a tramp, had secured to himself that comfortable retreat—under-butler of the Beggar's Hall. He was well calculated to be the drudge of a common lodging house;—laborious, dull, and good-natured, answering every call, with as much patience as Francis in Henry the Fourth, with his “Anon anon!” He could sit up night and day—neither age nor toil seemed to have made much impression on his sinewy and hardened frame; indeed, to use the common saying, he was considered by all to be a durable slave.

Besides these serviceable qualities, Ben was considered a great favourite with the lodgers; was never known to utter a testy word, save and only then, when the *hacco* grew short; like the rest of his tribe, he was an eternal smoker. This misfortune however, in being short of Virginia, was seldom of long duration. He never kept that event a secret; and, on such occasions, what could any honest-hearted cadger do, but offer their pouch to the willing old lad?

To light the lodgers to bed, was Ben's regular task—from eleven at night till three during the week, and until four on the Sunday morning.

At this juncture, one or two who had become drowsy through the powerful influence of the pipe or pot, roused

themselves upon their legs—stretched their arms out, and yawned, which was as much as to say, “they would follow,” Ben took the hint, and moved on with his lantern, like an ostler leading horses to the stable, to show to which house in the building, and to what room, they were to repose their precious selves.



CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN;—AND A LITTLE
UNKNOWN.

THE kitchen was again getting crowded. The fire once more gave notice that it was busy with chops and steaks ; and as for the gambling-table, it had literally become thronged. The bawlers of catch-penny papers, or “book-sellers,” as they styled themselves, were now beginning to make their appearance, in parties of three or four ; every one having a copy of the news he had been so loudly proclaiming stuck in the front of his hat, with that awful word, “murder,” printed in large letters as the head-line ; or the more melancholy announcement of the dying speech of one John So-and-so. They busied themselves in arranging their papers and dividing the gains.

We have before noticed that these people have partners or mates. A quarrel was now about to take place between a

publisher and his Co. The Co. swearing that the principal was going to put him in the hole (cheat him) ; but after a recasting up of accounts, business was at length amicably adjusted. These lung-labourers then threw away all further care for the night, and each sought after his own individual amusement—as smoking, eating, gambling, and larking.

A singular being now entered the kitchen—one who would have afforded a fine treat to such observers as Sir Walter and the American Irving—those accurate delineators of the human race. Such places as these, we have before observed, teem with originality ; they, in fact, run wild (if we may so use the expression) with character.

The man, (for the creature was in masculine garb,) was between four and five feet high ; he was long armed, and one leg was rather longer than the other, which caused one of his shoulders to rise a little when he walked or stood, and which gave his shoulders, which were naturally broad, a very square appearance.

He was dressed in one of those flash coats already described whose full make, too, by no means diminished his breadth. A kind of shawl crossed his neck, or rather bosom, for his neck, was bare, in a style as if arranged by the hand of a female ; and underneath of which peeped two corners of his

shirt. His features were of that kind, that carried precisely the expression of those of a masculine woman; and when he spoke, it was a perfect puzzle to the stranger, to know whether he heard the voice of a man or a woman.

The creature himself (as if conscious of those singularities) affected a superior degree of manliness. Swaggered around the room, his hat half pulled over his brows, and slouched a little on one side; assuming the scowling look of a bully, and at times the flashy air of a gallant.

He had a wife; and, as if that was not enough for any man, likewise had a mistress; and, to show that he was a professed admirer of the kind of Eve, took hold of his mistress when he entered with one hand, and waving the other above his head, sung "My love is like the red, red rose," in a voice at once powerful and sweet. Then taking her upon his knee struck up "the light, the light guitar," in a style so exquisitely musical and rich, as fairly to disturb the card-table, and draw from the whole company a thundering round of applause, with "Bravo, Bill!"

He appeared to be a creature of great spirit and vivacity, dashed about, throwing himself into pugilistic attitudes, and striking out, right and left, at his cronies, in sportive play, using at the same time the true slang of low, blackguard

life ; as, with great emphasis, ‘ I’ll — into you, your—
pall ! ’ with a vast deal more of such high-toned language
so appropriate for the gallant of a cadging house.* He fell
a capering, singing all the while with great animation, and
beating time most elegantly with heel and toe, and giving
vent to the fulness of his spirits in shouts, as “ He hows,”
“ the Cadger Lad,” “ A roving life for me,” &c. ; and, catch-
ing hold of his wench again, thrust his hand into his bosom
—pulled out a handful of silver ; swore, bravadoed,—squir-
ted tobacco juice in the grate, and boasted of always being able
to earn his ten shillings a day, and thought nothing of picking
up a guinea in the same time at a race or fair. †

* See Glossary at end.

† This portrait, with the whole of the work, was written, and given to
the publisher of one of the first magazines of the day, in November
1834, and the following report appeared in the papers in February 1835,
and which, we think, authenticates pretty clearly the correctness of our
statement. The reader will perceive a likeness.

HATTON GARDEN.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE—A MAN-WOMAN.

A creature in the garb of a man, who at the station-house had given
the name of Bill Chapman, was placed at the bar with one Isabella

This money-making man, it may be supposed, was a street singer; and was reported to be a native of that country

Watson, and complained of for being a common cheat and impostor, and creating a disturbance.

Oakley, inspector of the E division, stated that although the thing before them, that called itself Bill Chapman, was attired in man's apparel, he had ascertained that it was a woman.

Mr. Bennett, who was very much surprised, looked steadfastly at the prisoner and asked her name.

Prisoner (speaking in a rough manner.) "It is Mary Chapman."

Mr. Bennett. "I never saw a figure more like a man, and the voice is manly."

Oakley. "I have known her at least ten years, and she always appeared in a dress similar to the one she now wears, namely, a hat, smock-frock, trousers, or knee-breeches, and until last night I always supposed her to be a man. She is known all over England as a ballad-singer and a crier of 'The last dying speeches,' &c."

Mr. Bennett. "She may be a disorderly and disreputable character, which, in fact, her dressing as a man clearly shows, but I know of no law to punish her for wearing male attire."

Oakley. "She travels the country with a woman named Isabella Watson, and they are both known at every race-course and fair as ballad-singers, and considered to be man and wife."

Mr. Bennett. "She may have more than one reason for dressing in that manner, and passing as the husband of the woman Watson, and I wish it was in my power to imprison her."

Oakley. "For upwards of seven years she has occasionally lodged with Watson, at Mr. ——— in ——— street, St. Giles's, and they always passed as man and wife; and, moreover, Chapman smokes;

—the land of leeks and cheese ; that place where goats are said to abound—Wales.

and whenever Watson gives her any offence, she beats her and blackens her eyes, though Watson is so much taller and apparently stronger.”

Mr. Bennett. “It is a very extraordinary case. What have you to say, prisoner?”

Prisoner. “Isabella has lived with me as my companion for many years.”

Mr. Bennett. “Why do you dress as a man?”

Prisoner. “I own I am disguised, and it was owing to the cruelty of a father-in-law that I first dressed in this manner. I never did harm to any person. I have been all over the kingdom, and never was in prison in my life before.”

Mr. Bennett. “Well I should advise you to be careful: if I could punish you, I would.”

Isabella Watson. “The poor fellow has been with me hundreds of miles as my companion, and he never got into a scrape before.”

Mr. Bennett. “It is a case that puzzles me, but I must discharge the prisoner.”

The prisoner, who was chewing tobacco, then bowed his head, and walked out of the office with Isabella, who exclaimed, “Never mind, my lad, if we live a hundred years it will be in this manner.”

Watson is about five feet seven inches in height, with rather an intelligent countenance; and Chapman is not more than five feet high. Her hair is light brown, and cut short, the same as a man’s; and she has the gait of a man, and looks like a costermonger.

We agree with this account in every thing except the height of the individuals. The reporter, we think, is a little man, who always sees inches through a magnifier. The man-woman is the height we have

The landlord opened the door, and gave orders for the card players to cease ; it was twelve o'clock. The gamblers were loth, but the master was peremptory.

stated, or rather less, and his wife is five feet two inches, instead of five feet seven. It is curious but nevertheless a fact, that, although this strange being had lodged for a number of years at the house alluded to, it was never known it was a woman, though at the same time it was never supposed that the creature was a man.



CHAPTER XI.

THE LIFE OF LOW LIFE; OR THE GLORIOUS
FINISH OF THE WEEK.

“YES!” snivelled a street-preacher and psalm singer, who could scarcely hold up his head for strong drink; “we are now entering upon the Lord’s day.”

“Aye,” observed a spouting vagabond, “it is so, old Mawworm, and you had better go to bed. You know you have your part to perform to-morrow.”

“Yes!” he answered, adding a little snuff to his other stimulants, and muttered something about “God willing.”

And now it was that the roar of revelry began—noise, disorder, and discord, all joined chorus. The players were let loose, and were giving vent to their different feelings, as ill or bad luck had attended them.

The lodgers were nearly all returned, every man and woman more or less in liquor. The boys of the Emerald

Isle were fast approaching to that state in which they are said to be in all their glory ; and nothing was now seen or heard but singing, swearing, cooking, eating, smoking, talking, larking, and quarrelling.

The first who broke the peace was a stout bare-footed fellow, a Welshman, who began beating his wife (a girl of the *pave*), for her excessive partiality for gin.

"Are not you a pretty —— of a woman," he exclaimed, with a voice as gruff as a ruffian's could well be, "to call yourself a man's wife, to come home here, by ——, drunk, every night, while I am going about the streets all day long bawling myself hoarse !" and at the conclusion of every sentence sent her a blow of weight enough to lower one of his mountain bulls.

No one ever offered to interfere, although the woman's face was already beginning to exhibit both blood and marks ; for, however that old right for a man to chastise his wife is repudiated in the other parts of society — in this *den* — yet in these walks of life, this ancient ensample still holds. Here a man is considered perfectly in the right to use his strength of arm against his wife's strength of *...*

The fellow hammered away at his helpless *...* with hard words and harder blows, threatening all *...*

separation, and extolling to their skies the beauties and perfections of another nymph, whom he swore he would join.

Just at this moment the lady in question made her appearance ; and, certainly, as far as personal looks, dress, and a more sober demeanour went, she was superior to the one in possession. The wife, who had borne beneath the weighty power of her husband, in as becoming a manner as a wife ought to do, now felt as if endowed with the nervous locks of Sampson ; fired with jealousy, and backed by *Old Tom* (gin), she sprung upon her rival, and, in a moment, ribbons, caps, and hair, were twisted in the clenched hand. Down went a table and one or two forms,—men, women, and children,—and up rose yells, screams, and oaths, with all the stormy joys of fight seconding the uproar.

Old Ben rushed in, and did his utmost to restore order, but it was “no go,” as they would say—family affairs must be settled. The Amazons tugged and tore at each other, if not with the fury and hate of bull-dogs, at least like their mates. The wife had secured the sweetheart by the hair, and was taking a most merciless advantage, by keeping her down upon the floor, when a Scotch sailor, wishing, we suppose, to see a stand-up affair, unloosed her hold, and let the other escape. But Sawney had, at this time at least

reckoned without his host ; he had been wise, he had left, the devil alone ; for, loosing her vengeance, she turned all her remaining rage upon the northern, and soon made something trickle down his cheeks, of more consequence than tears.

The man never retaliated, but he was not without his friend. The woman who officiated as his wife—down with the child she had in her arms—flung off her shawl, and going up to the jade who had tickled her *gude mon*, poured forth a torrent of strong round words.

“Do you think,” she said, “that he has nobody to take his part, that you strike as if you were not to be struck again ? No, no !” she added, “he is no man who will strike a woman except she be his own wife ; but here, you —— ——, I am your,” &c., &c.

“Honour among thieves !” thought we, and here’s fair play among cadgers. The other, who, to use the phrase of the ring, was blood to the back bone, and in a most excellent humour to accept a challenge, was not very slow in putting herself in order for what is termed a regular.

Ben tried again for peace, but it was no use. The master was gone to the house in the Broadway, and the inmates here

were wild. No nails, or tugging of hair, was brought into this action, but everything settled in the true old English style of disputing.

These paragons of the tender sex then threw themselves into attitudes that would have done honour to a Mendoza; but Sawney's wife, who was a real Lady Barrymore hussey, proved the master at arms. Tall and bony, she slashed her opponent at arm's length, with the cutting force of a Curtis and presently ended her share of the fray.

The Welseman, after having seen his battered spouse taken care of, returned and going up to the Scotchman, very gravely said,

"Joe, I believe there is something between you and me. You were always a good 'un, but I cannot allow any man to meddle with my wife."

"Say no more," said the *canny* Scot; "it's all right. No man ever heard me say, nay."

"No never!" shouted the most of the company. "You were always a tramp!"

"Well then says Taffy, "let's have this turn over, and we'll be friends yet."

And with this kind of chivalrous feeling, did these two

honourable blackguards prepare to maul each other, zealously encouraged by their friends. Sawney's wife telling him, that if he did not soften that lump of goat's flesh, she would give him a lesson herself how to fist a man.

It was curious to observe how differently these people were affected, when a violent struggle was about to take place. The most of the youngers, particularly the females, got upon the window-ledge tables, and forms, but most of the veterans in vice never moved out of their seats.

The sole garments of the Scot consisted of a loose, ragged great coat, and a pair of trousers of of equal value. Wheeling himself round for the combat, in a kind of bravo style, his cumbrous coat dropped off his shoulders, with as much ease as if it had been the cloak of a Spanish duellist, and presented a frame formed for the ring. Rather under-sized, light limbed, broad chested, and strong armed, all sinew and bone, with a step as light as an Indian, and an eye as fierce as a Mohawk.

After a little play with their fists, by the way of feeling how each other stood, and an exchange or two of favours, the Scot sent in a straight right-handed hit on the throat, with as much force as if the whole weight and strength of his body

had been concentrated in the blow. His man was prostrate head foremost under the bars. Taffy's lump of a body was picked up, for his soul seemed as if it had taken its flight to Davy Jones. It was all over, and Joe, the "o'er the border man," was cheered with deafening acclamations, whoops, and yells.

Harlequin, who ought to have been christened Hercules, from his Atlas-like shoulders, was now standing in the middle of the floor, like a surly boar roused from his lair, by the seat he had been sleeping upon being overturned, and, catching instinctively, as it were, that fights were going on, longed for some object on whom he could soothe his disturbed blood. He had flung his jacket over his arm, and, like a true bully, was striking his naked breast with his fist, and daring in his own low, disgusting slang, the best man in the room to turn out.

The place, at this moment, bore no bad resemblance to the infernal regions. The tables, forms, and windows were crowded, and drunkenness, ruffianism, and profligacy, were revelling in all the demoniac delights of mischief. Shouts, roars, and yells, shook the house, for the Scot to accept the challenge, Ben's voice in the din, was like a mite in the universe.

Sawney had just moved a step, to take the bear by the paw, when an apparition appeared that instantly quelled the riot.

We have heard of a story of the devil obtruding himself on a company playing at cards on a Sunday morning, and petrifying the Sabbath-breakers by the sight of his club foot ; or we might imagine Jove silencing the stormy contentions of Olympus by his nod ; but neither of these had a greater effect than had the blue physog. of a police sergeant showing his awe-inspiring self in at the door.

Down crouched the vagabonds ? every tongue was hushed as if Silence had stilled their throats with his finger. Some took their pipes, affected to appear tranquil, but smoked very confusedly, and a slight tremor might be observed in their fingers. As for Harlequin, he stood with his naked form, and his jacket flung over his arm, with a look as condemned as if the cap was about to be placed upon him.

The policeman never once opened his lips, but moved forward, with all the commanding importance of office, as he held his lantern from one ruffian's face to another. The landlord came in, and apologized for the noise, and promised that there should be no more disturbance. The guardian of the night nodded, and walked out.

The lodgers were then entertained with a lecture, with threats of turning out, and sending to the station-house. Three or four of the most unruly were dragged away to bed and the rest left, with strong injunctions to enjoy nothing but harmless mirth.



CHAPTER XII.

ONE NOISE SUBSTITUTED FOR ANOTHER.—THE
CLAMOURS OF STRIFE EXCHANGED FOR THE
SONGS OF PEACE.

“Music soothes the savage breast.”

It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the streets of St. Giles's were as lively as the other back parts of the metropolis are at eleven at night. The several lodging houses round about were sending forth their various sounds, and an occasional meeting, at the doors, between two friends, with an interchange of blows, tended to keep the policeman from being weary on his duty.

Our company had been too strongly excited, notwithstanding the little check they had received, to sink into anything like sober chat. As soon as this profligate crew were left to themselves, they began to recover their spirits, by whistling and singing—beating time, with their hands upon the tables,

and their heels upon the floor, so that one noise was substituted for another and the clamours of strife exchanged for the songs of peace.

The he-woman gave two or three of the sentimental songs



of the day, with her usual ability; and that popular song, "The Sea," was sung in fine taste by a chorus singer of Drury Lane. *Richard's* soliloquy was ranted in stark staring style by a young vagabond who spouted from tavern to tavern for a living. An Italian air was screamed and quivered by

an elderly female, who once strutted upon the stage, but who now was half bent with care, want, and blue ruin (gin). It was considered by all to be excellent, (the poor always feeling a respect for what the rich admire) although there were none there that had either hearts or heads to feel or understand it.

Some curious imitations of birds were given by a comical sort of a character, who had a good deal of wit and foolery about him. A jolly drinking song with admirable humour by a hawker of flower-pots—a stout middle-sized young fellow, in a smock frock, and a low crowned hat, with a round ruddy face, and merry eye—one, too, who was all lark frolic and fun—a very English John with a pipe and jug.

A tall athletic youth, and a short thick-set man (brothers) dressed in flash coats, (velvet shooting jackets), ornamented with large ivory buttons, and their hats slouched on, sat in a corner smoking their pipes. They bore the exact appearance of being half poachers, and half tillers of the earth; fellows who, upon a pinch, would have no objections to take the road with a bludgeon—the very models of country blackguards. They were both in liquor—the shorter one so much so, that he had become quite obstreperous, and had once or twice interrupted the other vocalists; and next as if unable

to contain himself any longer, broke out with a strong voice slobbered a little though from too much malt—

“ With a dog and gun, and all such ware,
To Donerby woods we did repair.
We went till we came to Ryburn town,
And there we drank of ale around.

“ We ran these dogs till almost one,
Which made the gamekeeper load his gun —”

here the honest fellow hiccuped, which rather interrupted his harmony; at length, after a stare, as if to collect his ideas, an extra exertion, and a kind of vaunting look—again stammered forth with—

“ If they had took us, and fought us like men,
We should not have valued them two to their ten.”

This last burst was too much for his remaining senses; he dropped on the floor—the proper level for all toppers.

But the best specimens were the street singers, that ragged, squalling class. A dirty tattered, coarse-featured wench whose visits from the cadging house could only be varied to the gin shop and pawn shop, came singing and dancing in rocking her body to and fro. She was saluted by the name, of “ Bristol Bet,” and “ Give us the sergeant; ” but Bet had tasted too much of the inspiring liquid, to answer their calls

with promptitude. She footed away vigorously, to drive away care, seconding every caper with a shout, and "Jack's the lad," and slapping her body, and heel, in rather an unlady-like style.

After giving her legs a proper shaking, she laid her head a little on one side, and moving it, with her foot to keep time, screamed out, in notes both loud and shrill,

"One lovely morning as I was walking,
In the merry month of May,
Alone a smart young pair were talking,
And I overheard what they did say.
The one appeared a lovely maiden,
Seemingly in grief and pain,
The other was a gay young soldier,
A sergeant in the waggon train."

This appeared to be a real "Sweet Home" song; it went to the heart of every one in the room, who roared and bel-lowed applause, and thumped away with their hands and feet on the floor and tables. Bet never stopped until she had given the whole history of the Sergeant and his dearest Nancy. This poetry and music was too congenial to be easily set aside.

One of the same sex, and certainly one of the same family, a low, squat, scowling, weather-beaten looking hussey, a cadger born and bred, whose shoulders seemed as if they had been squared and rounded by a child continually laying upon them. She was the real songstress of low life ; Vulgarities might have taken her by the hand. Throwing up her face which was the very symbol of bad weather and an easterly wind, doled out.

“ It was down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander,
It was down in the lowlands a poor boy did roam ;
By his friends he was neglected, he looked so dejected,
A poor little fisherman’s boy so far away from home.”

This dismal ditty, although it brought down thunders of applause, made our very flesh to creep, as it brought to our mind could rainy nights, starving times, Ratcliff Highway, and Whitechapel, as the other had street mobs and lads whistling and singing the popular serenade, as they trudged home from their work at night.

They were all now in the piping mood. The wooden-legged sailor, Jack, our old friend, would have given them “ Rude Boreas,” but only stiff Mr. Grog would not let him ; and, after one or two ineffectual attempts to clear his throat was persuaded to stagger off to his berth above stairs, respect-

ably propped on one side by his mate, a *gemman* rather top heavy, and his noble timber supporter on the other.

York who had slept the sleep of "deep sleep," never once being disturbed by the din,—for as the seaman is used to the roar of the ocean, so the cadger is used to the roar of revelry,—now opened his eyes, and feeling his lungs and his spirits in refreshing order, made bold to rehearse the exploits of "Bauld Turpin," that mischevious blade; but, unfortunately for his talents as a vocalist, sung it so much in the dry and drawling dialect of a canny Doncaster lad, that the whole company, one and all, were fit to split their sides at York.

Songs, English, Irish, and even Welsh ditties, were bawled and drawled out, until one after one sunk into the arms of the sleeping god.

The master and his man seized this favourable opportunity to haul and coax away a number to bed. Harlequin, who had become fresh again, as he would have termed it, raised the Welshman who had had the fray in his arms, as if he had been a child, and carried him above stairs to his resting-place. York was led most lovingly out by a comely maiden from the mountains of Wales, who had lately become his wife for so long a time.

By the by, this is a great place for the ancient Britons ; numbers of whom, with their Welsh names and broken English, make this house their home. There, there might be seen, William Williams fra Glamorganshire, and Hugh Morgan fra Glamorganshire, and David Jones fra Swansea, and Thomas Thomas fra Monmouthshire ; with a host of round-faced, and had once been decent, man-hatted wenches.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOSE OF THE NIGHT.

THE point of time was now moving fast to the stroke of four. The nymphs of the *pave*, who made this place their habitation, were all returned from the toils of the night. About a dozen or two of both sexes were gathered together around the fire, chatting of the various occurrences of the preceding day, or otherways quietly amusing themselves. The females—the most of whom cohabited with the men now in the kitchen—were a miscellaneous set; coddgers, flower-girls, servants out of place—or of that class denominated unfortunate. Some, too, went out to char and wash, and all united to their several professions the privilege of the *pave*. One or two, about a twelvemonth ago, had been the *belles* of Regent-street walk, but whose bloated cheeks and tattered shawls now made them fit denizens for St. Giles's

A stout, middle-aged, good-looking woman, who had once been cook and housekeeper in a gentleman's family, and who still retained something of the decency and respectability of her former appearance, was now by misfortune reduced to be their associate. A few were young and handsome, and, what would appear strange in such a place, even well dressed.

There were two girls (sisters) who were romping about with a young lad, certainly in rather an unboarding-school-like manner, that particularly attracted our attention. They were both neat and clean, and genteel in their apparel. One of them, indeed, might be called beautiful. These girls had three ways of making a living. The first was that of selling flowers; the second, begging as servants out of place; the third, and certainly the best, was, to use their own phrase, "seeing gentlemen." It is a fact what we are going to state, that one of these girls has been known to make as much as five pounds a day—doubtless by the *seeing* profession and although cadgers from their birth, and born and bred, as we may say, in vice, yet it was but a few days before this, that we heard these young strumpets (for they deserve no better name) abusing an unfortunate woman who lodged in the house, using the most opprobrious language; and had

at the same time, the most singular audacity to style themselves modest girls.

Of the males, the most of them were young men who had once been in better circumstances, but who now were reduced to get their living by calling papers about the streets. A few fine characters might have been picked out amongst those prodigal sons, as they stood warming their backs, or grouped together in this Vagabond's Hall.

There was an Anglo-German; he was very respectably dressed, only he had neither shoes or stockings, and though of small stature, had a voice like thunder; he was of course considered a first-rate patterer (caller). Another, a merchant's clerk and active young man, and an excellent mimic, but a *Careless* himself. The third, a Welshman; one who might have caused a painter to halt—a model of strength; in size and form like one of his own mountain bulls, with a voice as hoarse as the winter's blast on Snowden. He was a fine compound of ruffianism, shrewdness, and a sort of caustic humour. The fourth and last, was a tall, genteel young man, a draper, or, rather had been; he was still very smart, although much out at elbows. He had a pair of fine large, showy, sharp-pointed whiskers; was exceedingly fond of hard words, and, in his speech, supertine in the extreme

He had been highly chagrined that very night, at a person expressing surprise at seeing him at Cadger's Hall, he considering that a man might make himself respectable wherever he might be, always provided thaa he conducted himself with propriety; in short, maintaining to the very last, the shadow of his former consequence.



The clock chimed the warning to the final hour. A police man entered in, supporting a man he had picked up in

the streets in the last stage of inebriation. Ben put out one of the lights, and gave notice that it was time to move.

The landlord busied himself in rousing two or three slumberers by sundry shakes and pushes with his foot,—not, reader to go to bed, but to go out,—they being lodgers who, having run out of coin and out of credit, were allowed for old acquaintance sake, to lie about the kitchen while it was open, but were invariably desired to depart at the lock-up hour.

The poor wretches got up, buttoned their clothes about them, thrust their hands into their bosoms, and shuffled out half asleep, a melancholy instance of the trials of the children of poverty and crime. The lodgers moved slowly off to bed, one by one: the kitchen was securely locked up, and the landlord then walked away, leaving drunkenness, misery and debauchery about the door.



FLASH DICTIONARY.



A.

ABESS, a bawd, the mistress
of a bawdyken.

Abbott's Priory, the King's
Bench Prison

Abram Cove, a naked or poor
man, a sturdy beggar in
rags

Above par, having the needful,
possession of the poney,
plenty of money, 'best bliss
of earth'

Abram men, fellows dressing
themselves in various rags,
old ribbon, fox tails, beg-

- ging in the streets, pretending to be mad, fellows who steal pocket books only
- Abram, to sham, to slum, to pretend sickness
- Academy, a brothel, bagnio
- Academican, a scholar at an academy, a whore at a brothel
- Academy, a floating, a hulk at Woolwich for convicts
- Ack ruffians, rogues who in conjunction with watermen sometimes rob and murder on the water
- Ack pirates, fresh water thieves who steal on navigable rivers
- Acting the deceitful, performing, mumming, acting
- Adam, a henchman, an accomplice
- Adam's ale, our first father's drink, water, 'best with brandy'
- Adam tiler, a receiver of stolen goods, a pickpocket, a fence
- Affair of honour, killing an innocent man in a duel
- All set, desperate fellows, ready for any kind of mischief
- Alderman in chains, turkey and sausages
- Alive, awake, fly, up, leary, acquainted with
- All out, the reckoning drank out, 'How stands the account 'twixt me and vengeance?'
- Ambidexter, one who snacks in gaming with both parties
- Amen curler, a parish clerk
- Anglers or starrers, an order of thieves who break show glasses in jeweller's windows to steal the goods
- Angling cove, a receiver of stolen goods
- Angelics, young unmarried ladies
- Anointed, knowing, ripe for mischief
- Arm props, crutches
- Arch rogue, the chief of a gang of thieves, or gypsies
- Arch doxey, the same among female canters or gypsies
- Astronomer, a star gazer, a horse that carries his head high
- As right as a trevit, the tippy all right
- A pig's whisper, a grunt, 'a word 'twixt you and me'
- Aunt, a bawd, sometimes called mother
- Autem, a church, meeting-house
- Autem cacklers, dissenters of all sects
- Autem bawler, a preacher, a parson
- Autem dippers, anabaptists
- Autem cackel tub, a meeting

- house for dissenters, a pulpit
 Autem divers, pickpockets who practise in churches; also churchwardens and overseers of the poor, who defraud, deceive, and impose on the parish
 Autem gogglers, conjurors, fortune tellers
 Autem mort, or mot, a woman of the same sect, a beggar, a prostitute
 Autem quaver's tub, a quaker's meeting house

B.

- BABLES in the wool, rogues in the stocks or pilory
 Bacon-faced, full faced
 Back shuns, low unfrequented parts in the metropolis
 Badge coves, parish pensioners
 Badge, one burnt in the hand
 Bridger, to confound, perplex, or tease
 Badgers, fore-stallers and murderers
 Bag the swag, pocket your portion, hide your whack
 Baggage, a slut, a common prostitute
 Bail o' wix, a snob or snob-maker
 Ballam ran-ran, a hop or a dance, where the women are all prostitutes
 Balsam, rag, rhin, money
 Balm, a lie
 Barding, a bum-ba-luff
 Bank, a depository for cash at a gaming-table
 Bandy, a tanner, a sixpence
 Banyan day, Saturday, when there's nothing left to eat
 Bandling, a young child
 Bar that, cheese it, stow it, don't mention it
 Barber's clerks, conceited ignorant shop-boys
 Bark, an Irishman
 Barker, a salesman's servant, a prowler to pick up countrymen in the streets
 Burking irons, pistols
 Barnacles, spectacles
 Battered bully, an old glout, well-milled hitting fellow
 Bawd, a procuress, a woman that keeps a brothel
 Butter, on ox
 Beak, a justice of the peace, a magistrate
 Beak, run, a justice who will do any thing for money
 Beak queer, a magistrate that is particularly strict to his duty
 Beaks out on the nose, magistrates out on a search night
 Beaks run, traps
 Beating water, a tumbler
 Beating wheel, a mill
 Beating the air, a sermon
 Beck or hure, an inn

- Beeswax, cheese
 Belch, malt liquor
 Ben or Sam, a raw, a novice
 Beau traps, genteel dressed
 sharpers, fortune hunters
 Beef, to alarm, to discover, to
 pursue
 Belly cheat, an apron, a pad
 Belly timber, food of all sorts
 Belly-go-fister, a hard blow on
 the belly
 Bene, prime, good
 Bene cove, hearty fellow, a
 tramp
 Bene bowse, good beer
 Bene of gibes, counterfeiterers of
 passes
 Bene darmans, good night
 Bene fakers, counterfeiterers
 Bender, a shilling
 Benjamin, a top coat, a great
 coat
 Betty, a small picklock
 Bever, an afternoon's luncheon
 Better half, an ironical name
 for a wife
 Biddy, a fowl, a capon, or
 chicken; a young chicken
 Bilboa, a sword, or any pointed
 instrument
 Billing and cooing, the sexes
 humbugging one another;
 courting
 Bilk, to swindle, cheat
 Bing, to cut, go away
 Bingo, spirituous liquors
 Bingo boy, a male dram
 drinker
 Bingo mot, a female dram
 drinker
 Bit, money
 Big'uns, men of consequence
 Bit, taken in, duped
 Bit, queer, counterfeit money
 Bit cull, a coiner
 Bit smasher, an utterer of base
 coin
 Bit of cavalry, a knacker, a
 saddle horse
 Bit of muslin, a flame, a sweet-
 heart
 Bitch, to, to yield, to give up
 an attempt thro' fear
 Bitch, to, a character, or to
 perform any thing badly
 Biting your name in, taking a
 large draught, drinking
 greedily
 Blab, a prating stupid fellow,
 a fool
 Blab, to, to nose, to chatter, to
 tell secrets
 Black beetles, the lower order
 of people
 Black diamonds, coals, or coal
 heavers
 Black boy, a clergyman
 Black Indies, Newcastle
 Black strap, port wine
 Black box or knob, a lawyer
 Black spy, an informer
 Black act, act of picking locks
 Black cove dubber, a gaoler or
 turnkey
 Black-legs, sharpers, fellows
 who lay wagers, and after

- losing cannot pay them; a
 professed gambler
 Black houses, prisons
 Blank, frustrated, baffled
 Blarney, a wonderful story
 flattery. *See* Gammon
 Bleaters, lambs, sheep
 Bleats, a sheep stealer
 Bleak mot, a fair girl
 Bleeder, a crammer, a lie
 Blind, to, to cheat and run a
 pretence
 Blind harpers, itinerant vaga-
 bonds with harps
 Blinker, a one-eyed horse
 Black, jenny, popkin, head
 Black houses, prisons
 Blow cat, a billy-bill, an ex-
 traordinary meal
 Blow a cloud, smoking a pipe
 Blow the gab, to split, to ex-
 pose, inform
 Blow, to spit, tell, expose
 Blow in the ear, a sort of bur-
 lesque oath, as, If I don't
 blow your ears, &c.
 Blow the sprits, prostitutes
 Blow the grin
 Blow devils, to blow sprits,
 to blow strong
 Blow on the horn, to blow,
 to blow whistle, to blow from
 the tops of houses and
 churches
 Blow on, to whirl, to ex-
 pose, to blow a lock, to
 blow a horn, to blow a
 trumpet
 Blunderbuss, a stupid ignorant
 fellow
 Blunt, tip, rag, money
 Boarding school, a house of
 correction, or prison
 Bob, a shilling
 Bob, a shoplifter's assistant
 Bob-stick, a hog, a shilling
 Bobtail, a lewd woman, or
 prostitute
 Bobbery, a disturbance, a row
 Bobbish, to lol, pretty well in
 health
 Boly bag, a shirt
 Boly snatchers, bailiffs, police
 officers
 Boggy, kiddy, covey
 Bog trotters, lower orders of
 Irishmen
 Bogey, old Nick, the devil
 Bolt the moon, to cheat the
 landlord by taking the goods
 away in the night, without
 paying the rent
 Bolt, cat, go, make yours li-
 scarce
 Bolted, hopped the twig, shut-
 tled, gone
 Bone, to steal
 Bone box, the mouth
 Bone setter, a hackney coach
 Bonnetter, a thump on the
 hat
 Bon vivants, a cheer, spirit, a
 jolly dog
 Booby, a place for boys, boys
 to boys
 Booby, a boy, a boy

- Booze, drink
 Boozy, drunk
 Boozing ken, a lush crib, a sluicery, ale-house
 Bore, a tedious story, or a vexatious circumstance
 Bordell, a bawdyken, house of ill fame
 Bottle-head stupid, void of sense
 Bought, anything that's dearly paid for
 Bounce, to lie, to swagger
 Bounceable, proud, saucy
 Bower, the, Newgate
 Bowsprit, cork snorter, the nose
 Bow wow marten, cag mag, dog's flesh, bad ill looking meat
 Bow wow broth, broth made of stinking meat
 Bow man, a thief
 Box o' dominoes, mouth and teeth
 Box of ivory, the teeth
 Box Harry, to go without victuals
 Boxed, locked up
 Boxing a Charley, upsetting a watchman in his box
 Brads, money
 Brass, impudence
 Bracket face, devilish ugly
 Bravoes, bullies
 Bread basket, the stomach
 Breeking ships, borrowing money
 Breeze, kicking up a, exciting a disturbance
 Brisket beater, a Roman Catholic
 Brick, a loaf
 Broads, cards
 Brogue, Irish accent
 Broom, go, cut, be gone
 Browns, copper coin
 Brown Bess, a soldier's fire-lock
 Brown suit, no go
 Brown gater droppings, heavy wet, heavy brown, beer
 Brush, or buy a brush, be off, make yourself scarce
 Brusher, a full glass
 Brushed off, run away
 Bub, guzzle, drink
 Bubble, to cheat, defraud
 Bub, rum, good liquor
 Bub, queer, bad liquor
 Buff, to to swear falsely, to perjure
 Buffer, a perjurer
 Buffer napper, dog stealer
 Bug to damage
 Buggaboos, sheriff's officers
 Buggy, a one-horse chaise
 Bugging, money taken by bailiffs not to arrest a person
 Ball, a blunder
 Bull, crown piece
 Bull, half a crown piece
 Bull dogs, pistols
 Bulk, a fellow that attends a pickpocket, to receive stolen goods

Bully, a cowardly blustering fellow, pretended husband to a bawd or prostitute

Bully rocks, impudent villians kept to preserve order in houses of ill fame

Bully traps, pretended constables called to frighten the unwary and extort money

Bam, a bailiff

Bam'd, arrested

Bunce of dog's meat, a squalling child in arms

Bunce of fives, the closed hand the fist

Bunch of onions, chain and seals

Bunter, a low-life woman

Bautlings, petticoats

Bang-eyed, drunk, tipsy

Burning the ken, vagabonds residing in an alehouse, and leaving it without paying the reckoning

Buss, a kiss

Bustle, ready money

Buster or burster, a loaf of bread

Button, a bad shilling

Buttering up, praising, flattering

Buttock and file, pickpocket

Buzman, a pickpocket

Baz, a pickpocket

Bye-blow, a bastard

C.

CABBAGE, tailors' perquisites

Cadger, a beggar, a scramming cove, a mean sort of a thief

Cag mag, stinking or bad meat

Cak', an easy, stupid fellow

Camesa, a shirt or shift

Canary bird, the inmate of a prison

Cank, dumb, silent

Cannister, *see* Block

Cant, mock religion, language of methodists

Canter gloak, a parson, a liar

Canting, language of thieves gypsies, beggars, &c.

Canting crew, impostors who go about preaching, methodists, &c.

Canticle, a parish clerk

Cap, to to out do, to beat

Caper merchant, a dancing master

Captain tober, first rate highwayman

Captain, head of a gang, a bully

Captain Flashman, a blustering fellow, a coward

Captain queer Nabs, a dirty fellow without shoes

Captain Sharp, a cheat, a bully

Caravan, great quantity of money

Carriion case, shirt and shift

Carriion hunters, undertakers

Castor, a tile, a hat

Cass, cheese

Cast your skin, strip naked

- Cat, a drunken, fighting prostitute
 Cat's meat, the constitution, the body
 Cat's meat shop, an eating house
 Catastrophe, behind, seat of honour
 Catchpole, bailiff
 Catgut scraper, a violin player
 Cavil, to jaw, quarrel
 Cayon, an old wige, or jasey
 Chimmy, a shift
 Chaff, irritating, or ironical language, to banter
 Chaffer, the mouth
 Chaffing crib, a drinking room where bantering is carried on
 Chalk, advantage
 Chalks, the legs
 Chant, a flash song
 Chancery, head in, said in fighting, of him whose head is held fast under the arm of his antagonist, and gets punished with little chance of extricating himself, unless he floors his man
 Charley, a watchman
 Charm, picklock
 Chats, lice
 Chates, the gallows
 Chaw-bacons, countrymen, bumpkins
 Chicks, an imaginary person; usually; also, who tells that
 Cheese it, stow it, give over drop it
 Cheese cutters, bandy legs
 Chere amie, a bed fellow a sweetheart
 Chickster, a flame, a prostitute
 Chink, rhino, rag, money
 Chic, a bleeder, a knife
 Chizzle, to gammon cheat
 Chuff, jolly, merry
 Chum, a bedfellow, a companion, fellow prisoner
 Chummy, or clergyman, a sweep
 Civil rig, a trick of the beggars to obtain by over civility
 Clean shirt day, Sunday
 Clankers, silver tankards
 Clapper dudgeon, a beggar born
 Claret, blood
 Cleaned, out mucked having lost all your money
 Clench it, complete the thing
 Clench the business
 Clerked, cheated, imposed upon
 Clicks in the gob, thumps in the mouth
 Click, a knock down blow
 Click rs. fetters
 Clickman tool, a water*
- It was originally called so from the hollow or treasured note. A good man passes through some part of the world, and then he is called a clickman tool, a water*

- Coxy fuss, billing and cooing
 Crabb-shells, shoes
 Crack, to break open
 Cracksman, a housebreaker
 Crack'd canister, a broken head
 Cramp-rings, fetters
 Crammer, a lie
 Cramp words, sentence of death
 passed on a criminal
 Crap, money
 Crapp'd, hanged
 Craping curl, an executioner
 Creeme, to put money in the
 hands of another
 Crank, gin and water
 Crib, to thief
 Crib, a ken, a mean looking
 room
 Crikey, a word of wonderment
 Crimp, a decoyer, kidnapper
 Crony, a companion
 Cropping, the tail
 Cross, on the getting a living
 by dishonest means
 Cross fight, a sold battle
 Cross bite, to cheat a friend
 Cross the herring pond, trans-
 ported to Botany-bay
 Crowdsman, a fiddler
 Crummy, fat
 Crusty, vexed, chagrined
 Cub, a young child
 Cucumbers, tailors
 Cuffin queer, a magistrate
 Culch, cag-mag meat, or the
 refuse of anything
 Culp, a kick
 Cup-hot, very drunk
- Cur, a sneak, a coward
 Curbing law, to take goods out
 of window
 Curl, clippings of money
 Curlers, Jews who sweat gold
 coin by rubbing them
 together, for the dust
 Cursitons, broken down law-
 yers, Newgate attorneys
 Cussin, a man
 Cut, sheer off, go, avoid, or
 shun a companion
 Cut bene, to speak gently
- D.
- DAB, a bed
 Dab, one who is clever
 Dad, a father
 Daffy, max, gin
 Dagen, a sword
 Daddle, the hand
 Damn, to crush, to do away
 with a drama
 Damp your mugs, wet your
 mouth, drink
 Dandy, a swell, an exquisite
 Dancers, stairs
 Darby, ready money
 Darbies, sausages, fetters
 Darby's fair, the day when fel-
 ons are removed to Newgate
 for trial
 Darkey, night
 Darkmans, the night
 Darken the daylight, to close
 up the eyes
 Dash, a waiter
 Dash, a portion

- Daylights, the eyes
 Dealers in queer, passers of
 bad money
 Dead beat, done over
 Derrick to, to set out on an
 enterprise
 Deuce, twopence
 Deux wins, two pence
 Dews, a crown piece
 Dew-beaters, the feet
 Diamond squad, folks of quality
 big'uns
 Diamond a horn to, to put a
 stone under the shoe, to
 sham walking lame
 Diddle, spirituous liquors
 Diddle cove, landlord of a gin
 shop, &c.
 Diddle, to cheat
 Die proud, or game, to die
 with courage, or hardened
 Dimmock, money
 Dimber, handsome pretty
 Dimber dumber, the king of
 the canting crew
 Dimber cove, a pretty cove, or
 fellow
 Dimber mot, an enchanting
 girl
 Ding, to throw away
 Ding boy, a rogue, knave, or
 sly fellow
 Dinger, a pickpocket, or thief
 Dipper, anabaptists
 Dock yarder, a skulk in any
 sly place
 Doctors, false dice
 Doff, to uncover tak your hat
 off
 Dollop, a handful
 Dominic, a parson
 Done brown, done over,
 queered, floored
 Donovans, potatoes
 Donkey's ears, a false collar
 Don't name em's, inexpress-
 ibles, breeches
 Dorse, a place of rest
 Douse the glimm, blow out the
 light
 Doughy, a baker
 Down, fly, awake, knowing
 Down in the mouth, having
 nothing to say, low spirited
 Doxy, girl of the town
 Dozing crib, a sleeping room
 Drag, a cart or waggon
 Drap, a drop
 Draw it mild, gently
 Draw latches, robbers of
 houses
 Drawers, stockings
 Drawing a cork, giving a
 bloody nose
 Drawing a thimble, picking a
 pocket of a watch
 Drawing a wiper, picking a
 pocket of a handkerchief
 Drawin' a larder, telling a
 lying story
 Dromedary, a camel, other a
 camelopard
 Drop the rope, to draw to
 the ground
 Dumb, a man who is unable

houses to cheat unwary
 countrymen at cards
 Droppings, heavy wet, beer
 Dub, a key
 Dub the jigger, fasten the door
 Dubber, a picker of locks
 Duds, togs, clothes
 Duds cheer, ragged, poor
 Duffers, swindlers, who go
 about with articles pretend-
 ing they are smuggled and
 to sell them at an apparently
 cheap rate
 Dummy, a stupid fellow, one
 who has nothing to say for
 himself
 Duke of limbs, a deformed
 person
 Dunnaken, if it be *necessary* to
 explain the word, a privy
 Dupe, a victim to artifice and
 misrepresentation
 Durance vile, prison
 Dutch reckoning, bad reckon-
 ing
 Dost, money
 Dustman, sleep, or drowsiness

E.

Easywig, a crony, a close friend
 Eath stoppers, horses feet
 Elbow shaker, a dice rattler, a
 gambler
 English Burgundy, strong beer
 Griffs, young thieves in training
 Eve droppers, vagabonds who
 rob hen roosts

F.

FACER, a blow on the face, a
 bumper
 Fadge, a farthing
 Fag, to ill use, to work hard
 Fakements, scraps, morsels
 Fast trotters, good horses, rum
 prads
 Fam, a ring
 Fams, or fambles, hands
 Fancy, the ton of low life
 Farmer, an alderman
 Fastener, a warrant
 Faulkner, a juggler, a tumbler
 Fawney, a ring
 Feck, to, to discover which is
 the safest way of obtaining
 stolen goods
 Feeder, a spoon
 Feint, pawnbroker
 Felt, a hat
 Fem, a hole
 Fence, a receiver of stolen goods
 Fencing ken, a house where
 stolen goods are deposited
 Feret, a pawnbroker
 Fib, to fight, to box
 Fibbing, pummelling a head
 while in chancery
 Flich me some panea and cau-
 sau, cut me some bread and
 cheese
 Fiddler, a sixpence
 Fiddle, a watchman's rattle
 Fiery snorter, a red nose
 Field lane duck a baked sheep's
 head

- Fig out, to dress
 Figure, a little boy put in at a window to hand goods to his accomplices
 Fileher, a thief
 File, a rum, an odd fellow
 Filch, to steal
 Fin, arm
 Fishfag, a woman that sells fish
 Fishhooks, the fingers
 Fives, the fingers
 Fives, a bunch of the fist, the hand closed
 Flag, groat, fourpence
 Flame, a bit of muslin, a sweetheart
 Flankey, the behind, the part you sit on
 Flash of lightning, a glass of gin
 Flash, language used by thieves, gypsies; to sport
 Flashman, a prostitute's bully
 Flash cove, the keeper of a place for the reception of stolen goods
 Flashing his gab, showing off his talk
 Flash his ivory, showing off his teeth
 Flat, a raw, an inexperienced fellow, a fool
 Flat-catcher, an article to dupe the public
 Flee'd, clean'd out, stript
 Flick, to cut
 Flicker, a drinking glass
 Flimsies, Bank of England notes
 Flipper, the hand
 Floating academy, the hulks at Woolwich for convicts
 Flogger, a whip
 Floored, knocked down
 Floorers, fellows who throw people down in the street, &c. when their companions under the pretence of assisting, rob them
 Flowers of society, the ornaments of high life, big'uns
 Fly, up, acquainted with
 Flyers, shoes
 Flying colours, to come off with, to come off with luck, to do anything with advantage to yourself
 Flue faker, a chummy, a sweep
 Fogle, pocket handkerchief
 Fogo, stink
 Fog, smoke
 Fogus, tobacco
 Fogay, a stupid fellow
 Footing, money paid by a prostitute when going among her companions, also money paid on entering into any trade or calling amongst mechanics
 Fork, a pocket
 Forh it out, to produce anything by the hand
 Forks, fore and middle fingers
 Fresh water bay, Fleet-market
 Frisk, mischief

Frontispiece, the face
 Frow, a prostitute
 Frummag'd, choked, or hang'd
 Frumper, sturdy blade
 Fudge, gammon
 Fuller's earth, gin
 Fumbles, gloves
 Funk, stew, to fret
 Funk, to cheat, alarm, to
 smoke, stink
 Funkers, the very lowest order
 of thieves

G.

GAB, the mouth
 Gaff, a fair
 Gaffing, tossing with the pie
 man
 Gag high, on the whisper,
 nosing, telling secrets
 Gag low, the last degree of
 beggary; to ask alms in the
 streets with a pretended
 broken limb
 Gage, a quart pot
 Gaggler's coach, a hurdel
 Galters; blacklegs. gamblers
 Galligaskins, breeches
 Gams, the legs
 Game, courageous, sturdy,
 hearty, hardened
 Gammon, falsehood or bom-
 bast
 Gammoners, cheats, swindlers
 Gan, the mouth
 Gape seed, anything that
 attracts the sight
 Garnish, money demanded of
 people entering into prison
 Gay tyke boys, dog fanciers
 Gee, suitable; that won't gee,
 won't do
 Gelter, money
 Gentry cove a gentleman
 Gentry ken, a gentleman's
 house
 George, yellow, a guinea
 George, a half crown piece
 Gig, fun, nonsense, ready, on
 the alert
 Gill, a cove, fellow
 Gills, cheeks
 Gin spinner, proprietor of a
 gin shop
 Grinny, an instrument to lift
 up a grate, in order to steal
 what articles are in the win-
 dow
 Giving turnips, to cut acquaint-
 ance, to shun any body
 Glazier, one that breaks win-
 dows and show glasses in
 order to steal goods exposed
 for sale
 Glibe, a writing
 Glim, the candle, or light
 Glims, peepers, eyes
 Glims flashy, a person in a
 passion
 Glim Jack, a link
 Glimstick, a candlestick
 Glim fenders, hand irons
 Gloak, a man
 Glue, the lady's fever, venereal
 disease

Gnostics, knowing ones
 Go it, keep on
 Go slow, draw it mild, easy
 Go by, to rise by superior force
 turn the tables, against you
 Gob stick, a silver table spoon
 God permit, a stage coach
 Goggles, the eyes
 Goldfinch, yellow boy, gold
 coin
 Gone to pot, become poor in
 circumstances, gone to the
 dogs
 Goose, to, to hiss like a goose
 Goth, A, a fool an idiot
 Grabb, snatch
 Grab the bit, to seize the
 money
 Grabbed, taken, or appre-
 hended
 Grand strut, Rotten Row,
 Bond Street
 Grand twig, in prime style
 Granum gold, old hoarded
 coin
 Gravel digger, a sharp toed
 dancer
 Gravel tax, money robbed from
 people on the highway
 Grease, money
 Greek, St. Giles's, slang lan-
 guage
 Greeks, gamblers, blacklegs
 Green bag, lawyer
 Green, raw, unlearned
 Greenhorn, a sponge, a raw,
 countryman

Grig, merry fellow, merry com-
 panion
 Grinders, the teeth
 Groaners, a sort of wretches
 who attend meetings, sigh-
 ing and looking demure ; in
 the meantime their pals pick
 the pockets of those persons
 who may be in the same
 pew with them. They also
 rob the congregation of their
 watches, as they are coming
 out of church ; exchange
 their hats for good ones
 jocosely called *hat making*
 steal prayer-books, &c. ; also
 fellows who go around with
 street preachers, who, while
 the mock parson is preach-
 ing, they pick the pockets
 of the listeners
 Groat, a flag, four-pence
 Groggum, a horse
 Gropers, blind men
 Gropusses, the pockets
 Ground sweat, to be buried
 Grub, provender, victuals
 Grub and bub, victuals and
 drink
 Grunter, a pig
 Grunter, a bob, shilling
 Guinea pig, a fellow who re-
 ceives a guinea for putting
 off an unsound horse
 Gall, to cheat, circumvent
 Galpin, a raw, a yokel un-
 learned
 Gum, abusive language

Gun powder, an old woman
Gutter lane, the throat
Gutting a quart pot, drinking a
pot of beer

H.

HACK, a hackney coach
Half and half, half seas over,
tipsy
Half a bull, half a crown
Half a hog, half a shilling
Half a grunter, sixpence
Half nap, venture, hesitation
Hams, breeches
Hammering, excessive heavy
thumps with the fists
Hamlet, high constable
Hand over, to bribe evidence
not to appear against a cul-
prit, to drop an argument, an
action
Handle the ribbing, to knock
the ribs about
Hang it up, to leave a reckon-
ing unpaid at a public house
Handle, a tool, a silly fellow
Hard up, in a queer way,
money all gone
Harman, a constable
Harimans, the stocks
Havannah, under a canopy of,
sitting where there are many
persons smoking tobacco
Hawks, swindlers, sharpers
Hawks, an advantage
Hear anything knock, do you
take the hint
Hearing cheats, ears

Heave, to rob
Heavy brown, beer
Heavy plodders, stock brokers
Hedge taverns, public houses
on the road side, little fre-
quented by travellers
Heavers, breasts
Hedge creeper, the meanest
order of thieves
Hedge bird, mean scoundrel
Hedge, to secure a bet by bet-
ting on the contrary side
Hedge off, slink off to avoid
serious consequences
Hell, a gambling house
Hell cat, a lewd abandoned
woman
Hell hound, profligate impu-
dent fellow
Hempen casement, a halter
Hempen furniture, money re-
wards for convicting felons
by thief takers and others ;
commonly called blood
money
Hempen widow, a woman
husband has been hang'd
Hen, woman
Hick Jop, a bumpkin, a fool
Hick Sam, a country fellow, a
fool
High pads, thieves, or footpads
who rob on the highway, on
foot, of the same class as
scamps and spicers
High flyer, an audacious impu-
dent woman

- High tide, having plenty of money
- High tobers, the highest order of thieves, who rob on the highway, well dressed and mounted on fine horses
- High gloak, well dressed highwayman
- High jinks, gamblers, a set of fellows who keep little goes, take in insurances; also attendants at the E.O. tables and at the races; fellows always on the look out to rob unwary countrymen at cards
- Hob, a bumpkin, a clodhopper
- Hobbled on the leg, a transported felon ironed on the leg, and sent on board the hulks
- Hog, a shilling
- Hog grabber, a sneaking mean fellow, a cadger
- Hog grunter, a close fisted narrow-souled, mean fellow
- Hoisters, shop lifters, fellows who go into shops, and under the pretence of buying goods, generally conceal some article under the sleeves of the coat, mostly frequenting jeweller's shops
- Hoister mots, women who go into shops and steal some small article
- Holy land, St. Giles's, from St Giles's being the *patron* saint of *leggars*
- Hoofs, the feet
- Hoof it, to walk
- Hooked, overreached
- Hookers, thieves
- Hop, a sixpenny, a dancing room, where sixpence is the price of admission
- Hop merchant, a dancing master
- Hop the twig, run away
- Harness, watchmen, constables police officers
- Hot flannel, liquor made of beer and gin, with eggs, sugar, and nutmeg
- Hue, to whip, lash
- Huff, a bullying, cowardly, fellow
- Huggar, drunk
- Hum box, pulpit
- Hum, a liar, a canting deceitful Wesleyan methodist
- Hum, to humbug, deceive
- Hums, people at church
- Humpty dumpty, boiled ale and brandy
- Hunting, drawing unwary people to play
- Hush still, quiet
- Hush money, money given to compound felony
- Huskey lout, a guinea, gold coin

L.

INDEX, the face

- Ignoramus, a stupid fellow a novice
 Inexpressibles, breeches
 Ingle boxes, jacks tipped with silver and hung with bells
 Ingler, horse dealer of bad character
 Interlopers, lazy fellows who are dependent on the generosity of their friends for support
 Irish apricots, potatoes
 Irish evidence, false witness
 Irish legs, thick legs
 Iron doublet, a parson
 Iron, money
 Itch land, Scotland
 Ivories, the teeth
- J.
- JACK, a farthing
 Jack Adams, a muff, stupid fellow
 Jack at a pinch, a hackney parson
 Jack in the box, a sharper, a cheat
 Jack cove, a sloven, dirty fellow
 Jack-a-dandy, a little impertinent fellow
 Jack pudding, merry Andrew, a clown
 Jacken closer, a seal
 Jacob, a ladder,
 Jacobites, sham or collar shirts
 Jackrum, a license for marriage
 Jam, gold ring
- Jarvey, hackney coachman
 Jasey, a wig
 Jaw, abusive language
 Jehu, a coachman
 Jemmy, twopenny, head
 Jenny, a pick-lock
 Jet, a lawyer
 Jet Autem, a parson
 Jew, an over-reaching fellow
 Jig, a trick
 Jigger, a door, bolt, or private still
 Job, guinea
 Jobber knot, a tall stupid fellow
 Jock gagger, fellows who live on the prostitution of their wives, &c.
 Joe, an imaginary person, nobody; as, Who do those things belong to? Joe
 Jolter head, a heavy dull blustering landlord
 Jones's, Mrs., the coffee house, privy
- K.
- KATE, a picklock
 Keep up the ball, to live and be jolly
 Keep the line, to, to behave with decorum
 Ken, a cribb, room
 Ken-cracker, house breaker
 Ken Bowman, a well furnished house
 Ken, flash, a house where thieves and vagrants resort

Ken miller, house breaker
 Kick, sixpence
 Kick, to borrow money, to ask
 a favour
 Kick the bucket, to expire
 Kicksies, breeches
 Kid, a fellow thief
 Kiddies, flash fellows
 Kid lays, villians who defraud
 boys of their parcels and
 goods
 Kiddiss, a slapup well-dressed
 girl
 Kid with, pregnant
 Kid-nappers, fellows who steal
 children, and decoy country-
 men and strangers in the
 street, to rob them ; also
 recruiting crimps
 Kidwy, a thief's child
 Kill devil, new rum, from its
 pernicious quality
 Kinchin, a young child
 Kimbau, to defraud, cheat
 King's mots, female children
 carried on the backs of
 strollers and beggars to excite
 the pity of the public
 King's picture king's head on
 gold coin
 Kinchin coves, fellows who
 steal children for gypsies,
 beggars, &c.
 Knacker, an old good for no-
 thing horse
 Knife it, stow it, be quiet
 Knight, a poor silly fellow

Knight of the awl, a snob,
 cobbler
 Knight of the hod, a brick-
 layer's labourer
 Knight of the road, a highway-
 man
 Knight of the brush and moon,
 a drunken fellow
 Knight of the post, a perjurer,
 false swearers, fellows em-
 ployed to give false evidence
 Knight of the blade, a bully-
 ing sham captain, a brag-
 gadocia
 Knights of the rainbow,
 waiters, footmen, liequeys
 Knowledge box, the jemmy,
 head
 Knuckles, pickpockets
 Knuckle dabs, ruffles
 Ky-bosh on, to put the, to turn
 the tables on any person, to
 put out of countenance

L.

Lady-bird, a sweetheart, bed-
 fellow
 Laced woman, a virtuous
 female
 Lady's man, an obsequious
 fellow to females
 Lady in mourning, hottentot
 girl
 Lag, to transport
 Lagged, transported
 Lagger a person working on
 the water

- Lame ducks, defaulters at the
 Stock Exchange
 Lambskin men, the judges
 Lantern, dark, a servant or
 agent that receives a bribe
 to conceal a robbery
 Lap, butter-milk, whey
 Lap, rum, good liquor
 Lap feeder, a spoon
 Lapping your congou, drinking
 your tea
 Lark, a bit of mischief, fun
 Leading strings, the control of
 friends
 Leery, fly, up, acquainted
 Leerers, the eyes
 Left, over the, no go, it won't
 do
 Leg bail, running away
 Leg o'mutton sleeves, large
 sleeves worn by the ladies
 Levanters, persons who run
 away from their debts of
 honour
 Lib, to live together
 Lib ken, lodging house
 Libbege, a bed
 Lifter, a robber of shops
 Lighting a candle, sneaking
 out of a public house with-
 out paying the reckoning
 Light blue, gin
 Lightning, gin
 Lightning, a noggen of, a
 quartern of gin
 Lightments, the day
 Lil, a pocket book
 Lily white, a snowball, a black,
 a chimney sweep
 Limbo, prison
 Line, getting into a, confusing
 a person, imposing on any
 body's belief by joking
 Lingo, slang, language
 Link it, turn it out
 Lipish, saucy
 List, or Loist, shop-lifting, rob-
 bing a shop
 Little Barbary, Wapping
 Little shillings, love money
 Lively kid, a funny fellow, a
 brave man
 Loap'd, run away
 Lob, money till
 Lob, an easy foolish fellow
 Lob lolly, a queer cooked mess
 Lob's pound, a prison
 Lobsters, soldiers
 Lock, a warehouse for the
 reception of stolen goods
 Lock, rum, being in good
 health; rich, clever, expert
 Locksmith's daughter, key
 Loge, a watch
 Loose house, round house or
 cage
 Lord, a deformed hump-bac-
 ked person
 Lour, money
 Low-water mark, having little
 money
 Lugs, or listeners, the ears
 Lully, wet linen
 Lullaby cheat, an infant

Lully priggers, the lowest order of thieves, who decoy children to some bye place and rob them of their clothes

Lully snow priggig, stealing wet linen from hedges

Lumber ken, a pawnbroker's shop

Lumber the ticker, to pawn a watch

Lurch, in the, to be left behind, to sneak, to hang on

Lush cribs, sluicery's, gin shops

Lush, drink

Lush ken, an alchouse

Lushingtons, drunkards

M.

MAce, to rob, steal

Mackry, the country

Mad Toms of Bedlam, fellows who counterfeit madness in the streets, and after beating themselves about, spit out some blood, in order to convince the too feeling multitude that they have injured themselves by violent struggles, and so obtain relief: they have a small bladder of sheep's blood in their mouth and when they choose can discharge it.

Made, stolen

Mag, halfpenny

Make, to, steal

Malty coves, beer drinkers

Mary-le-bone kick, a kick in the belly

Marrowbones, the knees

Mat macers, fellows and old women who go round in a morning when the servants are cleaning the doorways and steal the mats, &c.

Maunder, beggar

Maundering, begging

Mauns, tip us your, give me your hand

Mawley, the fist

Mawmouth, one that splutters in his talk

Max, gin

Mazzard, the head

Mest, to spend

Middle-piece, the stomach

Mill, thump, fight

Mill the glaze, breaking windows or lamps

Mill the ken, break open the house

Mill his nob, break his head

Mill clapper, a woman's tongue

Milldoll, to beat hemp in Bridewell

Miller, a boxer

Missing, courting; to be gone or away

Misstopper, a coat and petticoat

Mizzle, go, begone

Moabites, bailiffs and their crew

Mog, a lie

Moisten your chaffer, drink
 Monish, tip us the, give me the money
 Monkey up, being in a violent passion
 Mopus, a halfpenny
 Moon cursers, link boys
 Moonshine, nonsense, flummery
 Morriss off, to run away
 Mother, a name for the keeper of a brothel
 Mother's milk, rum, booze, good liquor
 Mots, cyprians, whores
 Mount, to give false evidence
 Mounter, a common perjurer, villians who give false evidence and become bail for fellows of their own stamp
 Mouth, a stupid fellow, a novice
 Move, an incident, an action in life
 Mower, a cow
 Muck, money
 Muck, to, to clean out, to win all a person's money
 Muck'd, lost all at play, no money left
 Mud pipes, thick boots
 Muff, a raw, a silly fellow
 Mufflers, sparring gloves
 Mug, the face
 Mugs, cutting of, making faces
 Mullygrubs, the belly ache
 Mummer, the mouth
 Mummery, strolling players,

mounteback speakers, gypsies, and beggars who tell pitiful stories to excite compassion
 Muns, mouth
 Mumbling cove, a sturdy ill-natured landlord, shabby fellow
 Murphies, potatoes
 Muzzle, the mouth

N.

NAB, to steal
 Nabb'd, taken
 Nail, to lay hold
 Natty lads, young thieves
 Nash, to bolt, to run away
 N.edful, money
 Never wag, man of war, the Fleet Prison
 Neat thing good liquor
 Nab, a hat
 Nabs, a person to either sex; a familiar way of talking; as, How are you my Nabs
 Nob the bib, to cry and wipe the eyes
 Nab the rust, to receive the money
 Nab the noge, to receive a guinea
 Nab the clout, steal a handkerchief
 Nab the cramp, having sentence of death passed
 Nab the bung, to receive a purse
 Nask, a prison

Napper, or Nads, a sheepstealer
 Napper, the head
 Ne'er a face but his own, not
 a farthing in his pocket
 Newlicks, or Noolucks, a per-
 son not known, an imagin-
 ary being, said to be a kin
 to Joe, Cheeks, &c
 Nibble, thief, steal
 Nicks, nothing
 Nim, to steal
 Nimmer, a thief of the lowest
 order
 Niggers, fellows who clip and
 file gold coin
 Nig, clipping of money
 Nick it, to win a wager
 Nip, a cheat
 Nipperkin, half pint measure
 Nix, or nix my doll, nothing
 No go, it won't do, a bad ex-
 periment
 Nob, the head
 Nob, the head; a fellow car-
 rying a high head, a man of
 money, of respectability
 Nob thatcher, a hat maker
 Nob, old, a favourite game
 used by sharpers, called
 pricking in the hat
 Nabblers, blows, thumps
 Noddle, empty headed, shal-
 low pated, stupid
 Noll, a wig
 Noodle, a sawney
 Norway neckcloth, the pillory
 Norfolk capon, a soldier, a red
 herring

Nose, a, one who splits or
 tells
 Nose, to, to expose, tell
 Nozzle, the nose
 Nub, the neck
 Nubbing, hanging
 Nubbing cove, the hangman
 Nubbing ken, the sessions
 house
 Nubbing cheat, the gallows
 Nail gropers, people who
 sweep the streets in search
 of old iron, nails, &c.
 Nunnery, a brothel
 Nurse, to cheat
 Nutty, fond
 Nut crackers, the pillory
 Nutmeg grater, the beard

O.

OAK, a rich man of credit, sub-
 stance
 Office, warning, notice
 Ogles, the eyes
 Ogles in mourning, black eyes
 Ogles, rum, fine piercing eyes
 Oil of palm, money
 Old One, or Old Harry, names
 for the devil
 Old Tom, good gin
 Old toast, a brisk lively old
 man
 Oliver, the moon
 Oliver widdles, the moon
 shines
 Oliver sneaks, the moon hid
 under a cloud, has got his
 upper Ben on

- Oli compoli, a rogue of the
canting crew
On the pot, being in trouble,
vex'd
On the mallet, having goods
on trust
One two, two blows succeeding
each other
One, in ten, a parson
Optics, the eyes
Operators, pickpockets
Os chives, bone handle knives
Out and outer, a rum'un, a
good fellow at any thing, a
trump
Ousted, turned out, thrown
Over the left, it won't do, no
go
Over the bender, over the
bridge
Overseer, a fellow in the pil-
lory
Owlers, runners and smugglers
of wool
- P.
- PAD, a highwayman who robs
on foot
Pad it, to walk
Palm, to fee, to hand over
Pallaird, beggars who borrow
children, the better to obtain
charity
Panum, victuals
Panum struck, very hungry,
wanting something to eat
Pantler, a butler
Param, bread
- Parings, clippings of money
Panter, heat
Pat, an accomplice or compan-
ion
Patter, slang
Patter slang, to talk flash
Pattered, tried in a court of
justice for felony
Pave, the pathway
Pavier's workshop, the street
Peck and boose, victuals and
drink
Peel, to strip
Peeper, looking glass
Peepers, eyes
Peel your skin, strip, pull off
your clothes
Peery, suspicious
Peg a hack, to drive a hackney
coach
Peg, or peg stick, a bender,
shilling
Peg tantrums, dead
Penance board, pillory
Persuaders, cudgels or spurs
Peter, a trunk
Peteresses, persons who make
it their business to steal
boxes from the backs of
coaches, chaises, and other
carriages
Pewter, money
Pewter, to unload, to drink
porter out of a quart pot
Philistines, bailiffs and their
crew
Phizog, the face

- Pickling tubs, Wellington, or top boots
 Picture frame, the gallows, or pillory
 Pig, a sixpence
 Pigman, a trap, or bailiff
 Pigeon, a meek stupid easy fellow
 Pike off, run away
 Pinch, to steal money under pretence of getting change, *see* Ringing the changes
 Pimple, the head
 Pinks of fashion, dashing fellows
 Pins, the gams, legs
 Pippin, funny fellow, friendly way of expressing one's self as 'How are you, my Pippin?'
 Planket, concealed
 Pockets, to let, empty pockets, no money
 Point non plus, neither money nor credit
 Poke fun, to chaff, joke
 Poke, a bag, or sack
 Poker, a sword
 Penny, money, £5
 Pop, to pledge or pawn
 Poplers mess of pottage
 Poppers, pistols
 Potato, drop it like a, to drop any thing suddenly
 Potato trap, the mouth
 Potato, red hot, take a, a word by way of silencing a person, a word of contempt
 Pot scum, bad or stinking dripping
 Pothooks and hangers, short hand characters
 P's & Q's mind your, mind what you're at
 Poundage cove, a fellow who receives poundage for procuring customers for damaged goods
 Prad, a horse
 Prancers, horses
 Prate, roast, a loquacious fellow
 Pratt, buttocks
 Pricking in the wicker for a dolphin, stealing bread from a baker's basket
 Prigs, thieves, pickpockets
 Prime twig, high condition
 Prog, victuals
 Prog, ruin, good victuals
 Prog, queer, bad victuals
 Property, an easy fellow, a tool made use of to serve any purpose, a cat's paw
 Provender, a person from whom any money is taken on the high road
 Pudding house, the workhouse
 Pull, having the advantage over an adversary
 Pull out, come it strong
 Punch, a blow
 Punish, to beat in fighting
 Punisher, one who beats soundly
 Pupil's straits, school tuition

Purgatory, trouble, perplexity
 Purl, royal, ale and gin made
 warm
 Purse, a sack
 Put, a country fellow, silly,
 foolish
 Putty and soap, bread & cheese

Q.

QUARROMS, a body
 Queer, base, doubtful, good
 for nothing, bad
 Queer bit makers, coiners
 Queer buffer, sharp inn keeper
 Queer street, to be in, in a
 quandary
 Queer cove, a rogue, villain
 Queer ogles, squinting eyes
 Queer patter, foreign talk
 Queer rotar, a bad ill looking
 coach
 Queer rag, ill-looking money,
 base coin
 Queer blowing, ugly wench
 Queer gill, suspicious fellow
 Queer plungers, fellows who
 pretended to be drowned
 Queer cole makers, coiners of
 bad money
 Queer lap, bad liquor
 Queer beak, strict justice, up-
 right judge
 Queer rag, bad farthing
 Queer bit, counterfeit money
 Queer lully, deformed child
 Queer tats, false dice
 Queer vinegar, worn out
 woman's cloak

Queer belch, sour beer
 Queer cove, a turnkey
 Queer bid, insolvent sharpers
 who make a practice of bail-
 ing persons arrested
 Queer cat lap, bad tea
 Queer chum, a suspicious
 companion
 Queer pops, bad pistols
 Queer put, an ill-looking fool-
 ish fellow
 Queer thimble, good for no-
 thing watch
 Queer hen, a bad woman
 Quota, whack, share
 Quod cull, a goal keeper
 Quail pipe, woman's tongue
 Queer prad, broken knee'd
 horse
 Queer lambs, bad dice
 Queer Nantz, bad brandy
 Queer nicks, breeches worn out
 Queer dogen, rusty sword
 Queer buffer, a cur
 Queer harmen beak, a strict
 beadle
 Queer gum, outlandish talk
 Queer glim, a bad light
 Queer ken, a gentleman's
 house without the furniture
 Queer doxy, a clumsy woman
 Queer booze, bad beer
 Queer amen curler, a drunken
 parish clerk
 Qui tam, a shark, lawyer
Qui vive, on the alert, in ex-
 pectation
 Quid, a goldfinch, sovereign

Quiz, a queer one, a gig, an
aboriginal

Quod, prison

R.

RADICAL, Hunt's breakfast
powder, roasted corn

Rag, money; I've no rag,
meaning I've no notes

Rag, blow up, rap out, scold

Rainbow, a tailor's pattern
book

Rainbows, gay young bucks

Rain napper, an umbrella

Rap, I'm not worth a rap, I've
got no money

Rap, give evidence, take false
oath

Rap out, to wear, blow up, be
in a passion

Rat, drunken man or woman
taken in custody for break-
ing the lamps

Rattling cove, a hackney coach
man

Rattling gloak, a simple easy
fellow

Rattling mumpers, beggars
who ply coaches

Ready, money

Reader, a pocket-book

Red rag, the tongue

Red rag, give your, a holiday,
hold your tongue

Red tape, Cognac, brandy

Regular, in proper course

Regulars, persons thus called
from their leaving parties of
pleasure at eleven or twelve

o'clock at night, to the no
small discomfort of many
an out-and-outer

Regent, half a sovereign

Resurrection men, fellows who
steal dead bodies from the
church yard for the surgeons

Rhino, grease, money

Ribbon, money

Ridge, gold outside of a watch
or other article

Ridge cove, a wealthy gold-
smith

Riff raff, black beetles, the
lower order of people

Rig, fun, game, diversion

Rig out, a suit of clothes

Rig conoblin, cutting the
string of large coals hanging
at the door of coal sheds

Rigging, clothing

Right and fly, complete

Ring, to exchange one article
for another

Rise, a, a disturbance

Rivertick, tradesmans books

Rivits, money

Roger, a portmanteau

Rooted up, put in a spunging
house

Romoners, fellows pretending
to be acquainted with the
occult sciences, fortune tel-
lers

Rome will, I shall

Rookery, an ill furnished house

Roses, nobility

Rotau, a coach

- Rum glimmer, head of the link boy
 Rum bodick, dirty shabby fellow
 Rum beak, sensible justice
 Rum doxy, fine made wench
 Rum drawers, silk stockings
 Rum gloak, well dressed man
 Rum Nantz, good brandy
 Rum ghelt, or rum cole, new money
 Rum squeeze, wine or other liquor given to fiddlers
 Rum prancer, fine horse
 Rum rufe peck, Westphalia ham
 Rum prad, a highwayman's horse
 Rum duke, queer old fellow, rich man
 Rum gill, a man who appears to have plenty of money
 Rum rush, a number of villains rushing into a house in order to rob it
 Rum gutters, cape wine
 Rum quid, good guinea
 Rum chaunt, good song
 Rum booze, good wine, or any liquor
 Rum buffer, valuable dog
 Rum cly, a full pocket
 Rum feeder, large silver table spoon
 Rum gagers, cheats who tell wonderful stories of their sufferings at sea, in order to obtain money
 Rot gut, swankey, small beer
 Row, disturbance, 'and in the ken to breed a row,
 Roysters, noisy, turbulent fellows, rude vile singers
 Roundyken, the watchhouse
 Rumpus, a scuffle
 Rub, an obstacle in the way, to run away, to make off
 Rub out, when its dry, all right when its forgotten
 Ruffman, any person who handles a thief roughly; the wood, hedges
 Rugg, all right and safe
 Rug carrier, an ensign
 Rum blowing, a handsome girl
 Rum hopper, a waiter at a tavern
 Rum mot, a woman of the town
 Rum bob, a shop till
 Rum peepers, fine looking glasses, or bright eyes
 Rum speaker, good booty
 Rum job or rum dagen, a handsome sword
 Rum quids, guineas
 Rum, pad, the high road
 Rum maundy, fellows who counterfeit the fool, going about the streets in order to obtain charity.
 Rum kicks, breeches
 Rum file, or rum diver, a female pickpocket

Rum dropper, a vintner
 Rum cove, good natured land-lord
 Rum fun, sharp trick
 Rum bung, full purse
 Rum bow, rope stolen from any of the king's dock-yards
 Rum clout, handkerchief
 Rum bluffer, a jolly host
 Rum bleating cheat, a fat sheep
 Rum back, good natured Irishman
 Rum barking irons, prime pistols
 Rum dumber, good natured prince of the canting crew
 Rum quod cull, a goaler
 Rum, or monogin, good, the most valuable of any thing
 jewels, diamonds
 Rum'un, a tramp, a good fellow
 Rum ti tum with the chill off, good, slab up, the tippy, excellent
 Ryder, a cloak

S.

SACK, a pocket
 Sack, to, to take up
 Sam, a foolish fellow, an idiot
 Sam, to stand, to pay for all
 Sangaree, rack punch
 Sans prisado, a person who comes into company without any money
 Saving one's bacon, to escape

with a whole skin, to evade any accident
 Seedy, poor, miserable looking without money
 Scamp, a thief
 Setter, persons using the haunts of thieves in order to give information for the reward
 Seven-pence, to stand, to suffer seven years transportation
 Sew up the sees, to give a person two black eyes
 Scandal broth, tea
 Scamp foot, a street robber
 Scent box, the nose
 School butter, whipping
 Scot, a savage person
 Scotch fiddle, itch
 Scottish, savage, wild, chagrined
 Score, a debt, fine
 Scout, a watchman or beadle
 Screwbado, a dirty fellow, insignificant
 Scroof, to go about living with friends at their expense
 Scran, victuals
 Scrap, a villainous scheme
 Screw, a miser
 Screw loose, a quarrel between two individuals, something wrong in a man's affairs
 Screen, a pound note
 Sharps, persons ready to take you in on all occasions
 Shake a toe, to dance

- Shark, a lawyer
 Shade, nice to a, very particular
 She lion, a shilling
 Shell, to contribute, club
 Sherry, run away, be gone
 Sheriff's ball, an execution
 Shindy, a regular row, a general quarrel
 Shiners, guineas
 Shirk, to cut, to skulk
 Shop, a goal
 Shop lobber, a dressed up silly coxcomb of a shopman, a powdered fop
 Shopped, imprisoned
 Shoot, to go skulking about
 Shooting the cat, vomiting
 Shove, crowd, push
 Shove the tumbler, whipped at the cart's tail
 Shove in the mouth, a glass of gin
 Shoving the moon, moving goods by moonlight
 Shoulder knot, a bailiff
 Shuffle, go, morriss, begone
 Slum, gammon, sham
 Shy cock, a person afraid of a bailiff
 Sigster, a nap, after dinner, a short sleep
 Sidle, come close to
 Sighers, *See* Groaners
 Sight, take a, a manner of expressing contempt or ridicule by putting the thumb to the nose, with the fingers straight up in the air
 Sight, a lot, a great many, a great deal
 Sinkers, old stockings that have sunk the small parts into the heel
 Sipper, a tea spoon
 Six and eight pence, a lawyer
 Sink hole, the throat
 Skewer, a sword
 Skin, a purse
 Skinners, villains who steal children; kidnappers who entrap unwary men to enlist for soldiers
 Sky parlour, a garret, or first floor next the sky
 Slang, flash language, patter
 Slanged, ironed on one leg
 Slap bang, victuals sold at a cook shop
 Slate, a sheet
 Sling tale and galena, fowl and pickled pork
 Slipped cove, got away
 Slogg, to thump hard
 Slogger, a miller, a boxer
 Sluicery, a gin shop
 Sluiced their gobs, drank heartily
 Sluice, wet, moisten
 Slubber, a heavy stupid fellow
 Sly, contraband
 Smack the bit, share the booty
 Smart blunt, forfeit money
 Smart, regular, up, awake
 Smashing cove, housebreaker

- Smash, to break, strike, also
 bad coin
 Smash, a thigh of mutton and,
 leg of mutton, turnips, and
 capers
 Smasher, passer of bad money
 Smell, half a guinea
 Smell a rat, to surmise some-
 thing
 Smeller, the nose
 Smiter, the arm
 Snicket, a shift
 Snug, steal, nibble
 Shaffle, highwayman
 Sneak, on the morning, sneak-
 ing down in the kitchen,
 &c., just as the servants are
 up, and purloining any small
 articles, commonly practised
 by cadgers
 Sneezer, the nose
 Snitch, to turn, to nose, to tell
 tales, to turn sneak
 Snorter, the nose
 Snooze, to sleep, doze
 Snoozing ken, a sleeping room
 Snow ball, a black man
 Snuffle, the nose
 Snuge, thief under a bed
 Solomon, the mass
 Some tune, a large amount
 Something short, a glass of
 liquor
 Soul driver, methodist parson
 South-sea mountain, gin
 Speck, a bad, a bad under-
 taking
 Specks, barnacles, spectacles
 Spicer, footpad, robber
 Spicer, high, highwayman
 Spike hotel, the Fleet, or
 King's Bench
 Spilt, overturned in a carriage
 Spittleonian, yellow handker-
 chief
 Spoke with, to rob
 Spoke to, he's taken by the
 officers, cast for death
 Spooney, a foolish fellow
 Spoil, to bruise, injure
 Spree, a lark, fun
 Spurs, diggers
 Sponge to eat and drink at
 another's expense
 Squail, a dram
 Squeaker, a cross child, also a
 pot boy
 Squeezer, a drop at Newgate
 Stach, to conceal a robbery
 Stool, help, assistance
 Staller, an accomplice in pick-
 ing of pockets by holding
 up the arms of persons
 Stam fish, to cant
 Stand the racket, treat, pay for
 all
 Stand the nonsense, pay the
 money, stand treat
 Stand still, a table
 Stale whimper, a bastard
 Stall, to make a stand, to
 crowd
 Stag, an accomplice who has
 turned king's evidence
 Stagged, discovered
 Staller, an accomplice

- Stalling ken, broker's shop, or
 that of a person receiving
 stolen goods
 Stampers, feet, shoes, stairs
 Stark naked, gin
 Star gazers, prostitutes who
 frequent hedge rows
 Stephen, money
 Stern, the, the goat, behind,
 what we sit upon
 Stifle a squeaker, to murder a
 child
 Sticks, goods, chattels
 Stiffner, a letter
 Stick fans, gloves
 Sticks, pistols
 Stone pitcher, Newgate
 Stoop, the pillory
 Stow it, drop it be quiet
 Stow your whid, be silent
 Stranger, a guinea
 Strap, mallet, trust
 Strammel, straw
 Stretching, hanging
 Straw chipper, a straw bonnet
 maker
 Strike, a guinea
 Strings of onions, the lower
 orders of society
 String, to, to impose on a
 person's belief by some joke
 or lie
 Strike me dead, small beer
 Strummer faker, hair dresser
 Stumps, the feet or legs
 Sucked, devilish drunk
 Suit of cover me properly, suit
 of fashionable clothes
- Sugar, cock your leg and cry,
 a way of expressing triumph
 or joy, by standing on one
 leg, and shaking the other up
 hooting 'sugar' loudly
 Sufferer, a sovereign, also a
 tailor
 Swaddy, a lobster, soldier
 Swaddler, a pitiful fellow, a
 methodist preacher who
 preaches on the high road,
 when a number of people are
 assembled, his accomplices
 pick their pockets
 Swag, a lot, much
 Swallow, the throat
 Swankey swipes, table beer
 Sweeteners, guinea droppers
 Swell out of luck, a decayed
 fop or dandy
 Swinger, one leg and a, a
 sound leg and a lame one
 Swig, liquor of any kind
 Swigs men, thieves who travel
 the country under colour of
 buying old clothes
 Swindling gloak, a cheat
- T.
- TACKLE, good clothes, also a
 mistress
 Tag rag and bobtail, extremes
 of low life
 Tail, a sword
 Tallymen, persons who let out
 clothes to saloon cyprians
 Tamarhoo, a hackney coach-
 man, so called from the

- song of 'Tamarhoo ; or
 The Devil and the Hackney
 Coachman '
 Tanner, sixpence
 Tape, gin
 Tat, rum, good dice
 Tatt, queer, bad dice
 Tatt men, fellows who get
 their living by attending the
 gaming tables and playing at
 dice
 Tater trap, the mummer,
 mouth
 Tatty tog, a gaming cloth
 Tattler, watch or clock
 Tea-pot, a negro
 Teaser, sixpence
 Teazer of catgut, a fiddler
 Tears of the tankard, drops of
 liquor
 Teaze, to whip at the cart's
 tail
 That's the ticket, just the thing
 as it ought to be
 That dab's in quod, the rogue's
 in prison
 Thimble, a watch
 Three sheets in the wind, three
 parts drunk
 Throw the hatchet, to, to tell
 a marvellous story, or a lie,
 and swear its true
 Thums, three pence
 Tie, equal
 Tib of the buttery, goose
 Tibby, one on your, I owe you
 one
 Ticker, a watch
 Tidy, pretty good
 Timber, matches
 Timber merchant, a match
 dealer
 Time o' day, quite right, the
 thing
 Tinker, sixpence
 Tip, money
 Tip, to give
 Tip your rags a gallop, to bolt
 run away
 Tip street, to be in, to have
 plenty of money
 Tippy, the, just the thing, as
 it ought to be
 Tip top, the highest, best
 Tits, horses
 Title-page, the face
 Tizzy, sixpence
 To nab a kid, to steal a child
 To sing small, to draw the
 horns in, to be humbled
 To mill a cheating bleat, to
 kill a sheep
 To diamond a horse, to put a
 stone under the shoe to make
 it appear lame
 Toddle, to walk
 Toddlers, legs
 Tog and kicks, breeches and
 coat
 Togged, dressed
 Tognan, a cloak
 Togs, clothes
 Tol lol, pretty well in health
 Tolo bon rig, persons who go
 about the country telling

- fortunes by signs, pretending
 to be deaf and dumb
 Tolobon, the tongue
 Tombstones, teeth
 Tonic, a halfpenny
 Tooth pickers, Irish watch-
 men's shillalies
 Topper, a hat
 Topping, hanging
 Topping cove, hangman
 Touted, to be followed, or pur-
 sued
 Touch, to arrest
 Tout, to look out sharp, to
 guard
 Tow street, in, said of a person
 who is being misled or de-
 cayed
 Towe, clipt money
 Town toddlers, silly fellows
 taken in by sharpers at play
 Town tabby, a dowager of
 quality
 Track, to go
 Traps, constables or thief
 takers
 Transporter, the mouth
 Tramp, to wander as a beggar
 Translators, sellers of old boots
 and shoes
 Trib, a prison
 Trine, to hang
 Trine, the new drop
 Trotters, the legs
 Trooper, a blowing, prostitute
 Trooper, half a crown
 Trump, a good one, a jolly fel-
 low
- Trulls, the lowest order of
 prostitutes, followers of sol-
 diers
 Truck, stealing money under
 pretence of changing
 Tuck, victuals
 Tuck out, a good meal, a
 bellyfull
 Tuck up fair, Newgate at a
 hanging time
 Tucked up, hanged; married
 Tumbler, a cart
 Turn-up, a casual set-to, a
 fight
 Tulips of the goes, the highest
 order of fashionables
 Tarter, a queer customer, a
 powerful enemy
 Turnip, a watch
 Turkey merchant, driver of
 turkeys
 Twelver, a hilling
 Twaddlers, pease
 Twig, to see, observe
 Twinklers, the eyes
 Twirlers, hawkers of men's
 and women's clothes
 Twittoo, two
 Tykes, dogs
 Tyke boys, dog owners
 Tyro, a yokel a novice
- U.
- UNDER the screw, in prison
 Under the rose, on the sly,
 concealed enjoyment
 Unload pewter, drinking beer
 from pewter pots

Unrigged, stripped of money
and clothes

Up, acquainted with the con-
versation of the company,
apprised of any transaction

Up to slum, humbug or gam-
mon

Up the spout, articles at the
pawnbrokers

Up the flue, being in trouble,
on the pot

Upper Benjamin, an upper
coat

Upright, ale-house pots

V.

Vamp, to pledge any article

Vampers, stockings

White, gin

Velvet, the tongue

Velvet, to tip the, to talk to a
woman, to impose by flowery
language

Victualling office, the stomach
or paunch

Voil, town

W.

WAPSTRAW, Johnny Raw, a
yokel, a countryman

Wall flowers, old clothes ex-
posed for sale

Wall it, chalking a reckoning
up at a public house

Wall fruit, kissing against a
wall

Warm, rich

Wattles, the ears

Water pads, fellows who rob
ships

Water-heaped, a snivelling fel-
low

Wearing the breeches, the wife
ruling the husband

Wedge, silver plate

Wet the other eye, take another
glass

Wetting the neck, drinking

Whacks, shares of booty

Wheadle, a sharper

White wood, silver

White port, gin

Whither, silver bowl

Whimshire, Yorkshire

Whiddler, a talkative fellow.
an informer

Whirligig, the pillory

Whistling shop, a public house
in a prison

Whisker, a bouncing lie

White buzmen, pickpockets

White toppers, white hats

White tape, gin

Whites, counterfeit silver

Wiggen, the neck

Win, a penny

Wipe, fogle, handkerchief

Wing, fly, up, acquainted with

Wobble, to reel, drunk

Wo ball, a milk woman

Wood pecker, a punster, joker
player on words

Wooden ruff, the pillory, as
he wore the wooden ruff, he
stood in the pillory

W's, between the two, hitting

in the belly between wind
and water

Won't suit, no go, it won't do

Y.

Yace and onions, watch and
seal

Yam, to eat hearty

Yankee, a tawney man

Yard of tape, a glass of gin

Yarmouth capon, a red herring

Yarum, food made of milk

Yellow boys, goldfinches, sov-
ereigns

Yellowman, a yellow handker-
chief

Yelper, a fellow who makes
pitiful lamentations of trifles

Yokels, green horns, country-
men



THE SIXTY ORDERS OF PRIME COVES.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Rum-rubbers 2. Coves 3. Groaners 4. Duffers 5. Out-and-outers 6. Cifers 7. Mizers 8. Swigs men 9. Bully rocks 10. Bully priggers 11. Gingers 12. Ken coves 13. Bully huffs 14. Stuffers 15. Strollers 16. Mizers 17. Strollers 18. Strollers 19. Strollers 20. Clappers, loggers 21. Clappers, loggers 22. Duffers, loggers 23. Duffers, loggers 24. Duffers, loggers 25. Duffers, loggers 26. Duffers, loggers 27. Duffers, loggers 28. Duffers, loggers 29. Duffers, loggers 30. Duffers, loggers | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 31. Twirlers 32. Gammoners 33. Groaners 34. Fencers 35. Spicers 36. High toppers 37. Footpads 38. Gamblers 39. Swindlers 40. Shoplifters 41. Sturdy beggars 42. Pad priggers 43. Money lenders 44. Ken crackers 45. Queer culls 46. Rushers 47. Fawney coves 48. Divers 49. Admighers 50. Knackers 51. Millers 52. Smashers 53. Filers 54. Gypsies 55. Butlers 56. Priggers 57. Rum padders 58. Gingers 59. Dragsmen 60. Blobs |
|---|---|

*Companion Volume by the Editor of "Sinks of
London Laid Open," cloth, 7s. 6d.*

ANNALS

OF

FASHIONABLE GALLANTRY,

A COLLECTION OF

REMARKABLE TRIALS FOR DIVORCE,

&c.,

*With many curious Anecdotes of Supreme
Bon Ton.*



TX
910
6755

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.

APR 26 '76

APR 26 '76 4

OCT 23 '78 10

X 1981

*St. Mordecai
MacIntyre?*

3 1205 00097 0010

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 133 466 3

